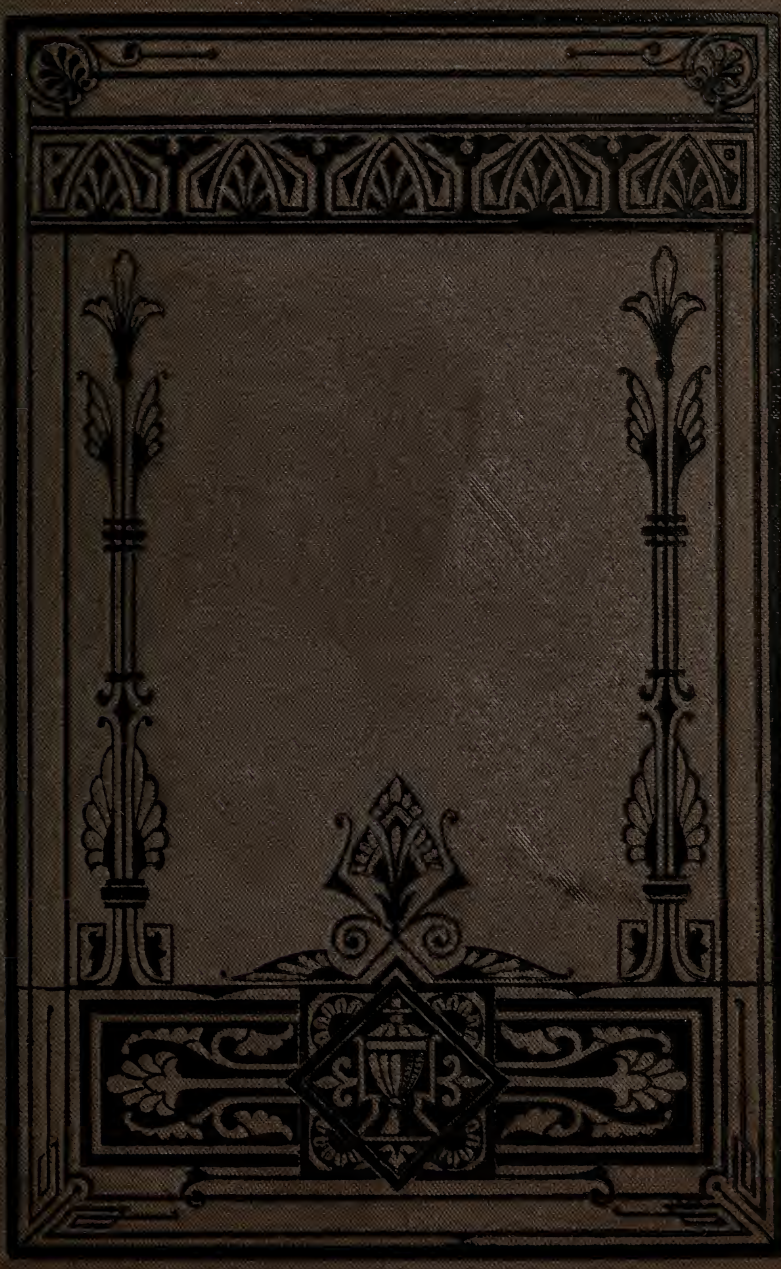

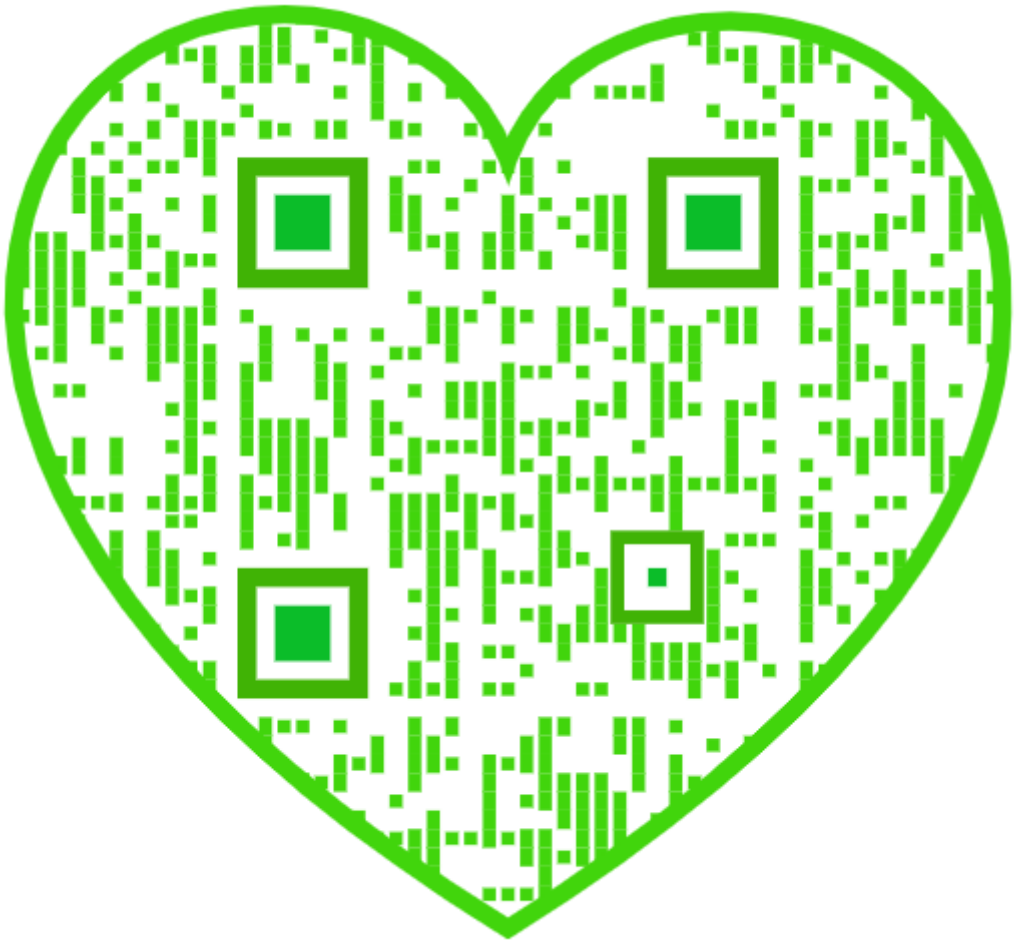

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# Our Young People.

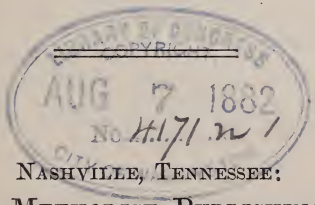
BY

R. H. RIVERS, D.D.,

*Author of "Mental Philosophy" and "Moral Philosophy."*

EDITED BY

T. O. SUMMERS, D.D., LL.D.

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# Prefatory Note.

WE have edited several works for Dr. Rivers, but no one which has given us more satisfaction than this. We agree with a competent judge, who has read it, that no better book for young people has been issued by our House. The style is charming, the spirit magnetic, the matter all good to the use of edifying. It is a book which the young will read—ought to read—and will be greatly pleased and profited by reading.

From the large resources of his well-stored memory the accomplished and diligent author might draw material for another work of the same sort, which we should be glad to present to the public, as we present this beautiful volume.

The Editor.

Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South,
Nashville, Tenn., March 8, 1882.

# Contents.


The Model Boy ..... 7
A Wonderful Instrument ..... 12
Elements of Success ..... 28
Habit ..... 50
Conscience ..... 67
The Model Girl ..... 77
Influence ..... 88
Dead Flies ..... 96
Examples of Warning and Encouragement ... 104
Human Destiny ..... 111
Causes of Failure ..... 125
The Imagination ..... 131
Nothing but Leaves ..... 140
The Battle of Life ..... 149
Joseph ..... 157
The Beautiful Queen ..... 165
Temptations, and How to Conquer Them ..... 176
Daniel ..... 190
Drag-net ..... 198

NO ROOM FOR JESUS..... 204
RELIGION FOR THE YOUNG..... 212
THE BIBLE..... 219
DECISION OF CHARACTER..... 225
REDEMPTION MADE PLAIN..... 231
THE PRODIGAL SON..... 244

# *Our Young People.*

## *THE MODEL BOY.*

FIRST. A model boy honors his parents. He does what they tell him to do. He will not do any thing which they tell him must not be done. He loves to obey, and delights in giving up his wishes to the wishes of his parents. It is no cross for him to do this. He feels that his parents are wiser than he is. He knows that they have the right to rule him. He believes that they seek his happiness in all things. He therefore loves them, and would not disobey them for the world. His obedience is cheerful. He does not frown. He does not pout, or look sullen. He never grumbles, never complains. His eye is bright. His face speaks volumes of love and joy. He is never impudent. He never tells his mamma, "I won't." He is glad to go on errands, or do any thing that will make his good mother happy, and that will give pleasure to his father.

Second. He loves his brothers and sisters. He does not quarrel with them, or give them hard names. He is no tattler. He tells no tales. He makes no fuss in the family. If he has brothers or sisters older than he is, he treats them with the greatest respect, and, in the absence of his parents, minds them. Even if they are a little severe and harsh, he would rather submit to injustice and wrong than make trouble in the house.

Third. He is polite. He is not forward. He is not rude. He does not behave in such a manner as to make his parents blush. He does not stop his mother, when she is telling something, and say, "No, ma; it is not that way." I knew a child once that constantly did this. His mother always dreaded for Thomas to be near when she was talking. He was almost sure to contradict her, and would often tell the tale in a different manner, and declare his way was right. This was very ugly. No one liked Thomas on this account. Every one called him a rude, impolite boy. When the Apostle Paul wrote his famous description of Charity, he said, Charity never behaves itself unseemly. I would say the very same thing of the model boy or girl. He does not come blustering into company. He is not boisterous at the table. He does not eat

like a glutton. He never interrupts the conversation of older persons. He speaks politely to all. He treats the aged with respect. He is not rough even to a servant. Everybody loves him because his behavior is always so prudent and so pleasant.

Fourth. The model boy is truthful. I have known children that would tell falsehoods. They would tell them to get out of trouble, and they always got into worse trouble. Some would tell fibs for fun; some would tell lies for mischief. Sometimes they would disobey their parents, and then, for fear of punishment, would make up a tale and try to save their bodies from being whipped, and would agree to suffer all the lashings of a guilty conscience. I have always admired the character of George Washington, because from his boyhood he would tell the truth. He would rather take a whipping than tell a lie. You all know he confessed, and denied not that he had tried the edge of his hatchet upon the favorite tree of his father's orchard; and when his angry father was looking for the culprit, that he might punish him, little George said, "I cannot tell a lie, pa; I did it." Noble boy, and brave as he was noble. The good boy loves the truth. He can bear the lash of the

whip, or the stinging of the birch, but he cannot endure the lashings of a guilty conscience.

Fifth. He loves his school. He tries to learn. He studies. He is glad when vacation is past, and he can be at school learning to be a wise man. His lessons are hard, but his teacher says they must be learned, and he will learn them if he can. He does not play truant. He does not pretend to be sick. He does not roam the woods with bad boys. He does not lose his books, or break his slate, just to have an excuse for not knowing his lessons. He does not waste his time reading dime-novels, when he ought to be at study. He does not form plans to go with bad boys, and spend the day in hunting and fishing, when his parents think he is at his books. He wants to learn. He is determined to be among the very best scholars. He is no dunce. He is sensible of his want of learning, and is determined to be a man, if attention and study can make him a man.

Sixth. Our model boy loves the Sabbath-school. He is punctual. He rises early on Sunday morning, and gets ready, so that he may not be behind the very smartest. He loves the songs, the lessons, and the teacher. He loves the superintendent and pastor. It is almost a holiday to him to go to

Sunday-school. The sweet tones of the little organ charm him. "The Amaranth" has so many sweet songs, and the children's voices sing them so sweetly, that he is constantly reminded of heaven whenever he goes to the Sabbath-school.

Seventh. But, above all, our model boy loves the blessed Jesus. It was Jesus who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." He loves Jesus because he was good and pure, and because, though he was rich, yet for us he became poor, that we might become rich. As an infant in the manger, as a child in the temple, as a man on the cross, all good children must love Him who tasted death for them, and for all the world.

Such, my dear young readers, is the model which I present to you. Do not think that you cannot be as good as the one described. You can be all this. You are to determine this matter for yourselves. Choose the right. Honor your parents. Love truth. Fear God. Remember the Sabbath. Be kind and good to all. Study your lessons. Work for yourselves, your country, your God. Begin now. Do not put off a day or an hour the work God commands you to do. You can all become models in every excellence here, and each one can wear a crown in heaven if he will.

# A WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT.

## ITS USE AND ABUSE.

THE older I grow, the more deeply do I feel that upon the young people now rising to manhood and womanhood will soon rest the destinies of this land of ours. May I then hope that the simple lessons of truth which I am seeking to inculcate will be read and pondered by you all?

God has given to you a wonderful instrument. He has put it in a singular case. It is guarded by two doors, an outer and an inner door. The door within is made of costly pearls, and opens on perfectly-formed hinges. The outer door consists of two shutters that fit each other exactly. They look as if they might be made of coral. They are as smooth and soft as velvet. When these two shutters part from each other, and the door of pearl is opened, then this singular instrument sends out from its case little winged carriages that float on the air. The carriages fly faster than you can think. You cannot see them, but you can hear them as they go whizzing through the air. The

carriages are always supposed to be filled with something that comes from a large box that is just above the case that contains this strange instrument. The little fellows that ride in these carriages, or vehicles, have power to bless or curse, bring happiness or misery, to make people better or worse.

Each one of you has that instrument. Can you tell me the name of it? It is the tongue: the mouth is the case; the teeth are the doors of pearl; the lips are the outer doors, which are as soft as velvet, and as beautiful as coral; the head is the knowledge-box that furnishes the little fellows that ride in the vehicles, or carriages; the carriages are words which the tongue creates, and the thoughts are the little fairies that ride in them.

Everybody says that the head thinks and the heart feels. Now, you all understand what God has given you, and in what a nice case he has put the instrument, and how well he has inclosed it—shut it in. Let me talk to you of this instrument.

First. Let me describe the truthful tongue. It is beautiful. It is lovely. It never deceives. It sends out no lies. A lie is a terrible thing. It is the ruin of many children. It makes their parents ashamed, and it makes God angry. I was once at

the house of an old man. One of his sons had deceived him, and he was sad, very, very sad. His son had promised him never to gamble, never to play cards, and he had broken his promise. His father said to him, "Robert, I trusted you; how is it you have deceived me?" "I have not deceived you," said Robert; "I have not thrown a card. I never will." But the old man knew better; and now Robert had grieved him more by his shameful falsehood. He said to me, though I was but a boy, "I once had a son who would not tell a lie, and he was a great comfort to me. I can say to you, my son Ed. never told me a lie in his life. He has moved far away, but up to the time he left me —then a man thirty years old—he had never told me a lie in his life. I hope," said the old man, "you will never be guilty as my son is." Many years after that I was brought to the bedside of the son who had always told the truth. He was dying. His tongue still loved the truth. He wanted nothing but truth on his tombstone. He asked that no obituary be written, lest the whole truth might not be told. Children, let me beg you to keep your tongues from sending out lying words to deceive man and dishonor God.

Second. The kind and gentle tongue. This is

never harsh. It never uses such words as "fool" and "liar." It always has something pleasant for the aged and for the young. It is proof of a kind heart, for you can as easily tell how the heart is by what the tongue *says*, as you can tell how the health is by the way the tongue *looks*. If the boy or girl has a good heart full of love and gentleness, of truth and kindness, the tongue will always speak kind and gentle words. It will not be quarrelsome. Rather than have a quarrel, or a fuss, it will be silent. It will keep the doors shut, and will never send out a word to hurt feelings. Silence, perpetual silence, is far better than unkind, cruel, insulting words. I love, and so does everybody love, a gentle tongue, for it is so much like the gentle God. The gentle tongue is like the gentle dew upon the bed of flowers, like the gentle shower upon the mown grass, like the gentle breeze that kisses your cheek on a summer's evening, like the sweet smile of infancy, like the gentle breathing of a mother's love, or the soft whispers of a mother's prayers. O be gentle, for grievous words stir up anger! An unkind word has sometimes destroyed the happiness of a life-time. I knew a boy at college who, for just two words of scorn and contempt, uttered for a fellow-student, was stabbed to the

heart with a Bowie-knife, and died in a few hours. I knew another. He was my classmate, and I loved him like a brother. He met a man on the streets, a harsh word was spoken, and in a moment he was stretched on the pavement in the agonies of death. Many a man has gone to the penitentiary, or to the gallows, who might have lived and died at home, in the bosom of a loving family, but for an ungovernable tongue, which spoke hard and violent words. I have never known a man to lose any thing or suffer any thing because he used gentle words. They are always words fitly spoken, and are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." They are music to the ear, honey to the taste, and joy to the heart. They make the eye beam, the lips smile, and the face glow. They lessen sorrow, and increase joy. They put out the fires of angry passion, and kindle the flame of pure love. They pour oil upon the troubled waves of strife, and bid the raging billows down. They live forever; they speak through eternity. These words will come back to you like the sweet echoes of the softest music, and will cheer your dying moments, and smooth your passage to the grave. Be truthful. Be gentle. And may He who is the gentle God keep your tongues from deceit, your lips from

guile, and make all your words as gentle as charity, and as true as God.

It is told of an old philosopher that he was called upon by his king to have served for him and his friends a sumptuous dinner. That dinner was to be the very best that could be cooked and placed on a royal table. The time came, and the guests were on hand. The dinner consisted of nothing but tongues. He had tongues of every animal that was to be found, and which was used for food. He had tongues fried, and baked, and broiled. "This is your best dinner," said the king. "This is my best, for the tongue is the best thing in the world," answered the philosopher. "Well, I appoint another feast, and I wish you to serve the meanest dinner that you can possibly get up," said the king. So another feast was prepared. When the guests went into the dining-room, they found nothing on the table but tongues. "How is this?" said the king. "When I asked for the best, you gave us tongues, and when I asked for the worst, you gave us nothing else. Is the tongue the worst as well as the best?" "Yes," said the philosopher; "there is nothing so bad as the tongue. It can bless or curse, bring joy or sorrow, peace or

war; it can lead to virtue, or seduce to sin; it can utter truth, or speak lies; it can be harsh or mild, rough or smooth, refined or vulgar, pure or impure."

Let us now look at the pious tongue. It honors God; it never takes his holy name in vain; it never curses either friend or foe, either in jest or in earnest; it often calls on the Father in heaven, but not in anger, and it calls not for curses, but for blessings. The words of piety never lose their power. If they fall from the lips of a mother, calling her prodigal boy from the haunts of sin, they will continue to call him long after the tongue that spoke them lies silent in the grave. If they arise in prayer from the family-altar, as a venerable father calls upon God to bless his wife and children, they go up to the throne of God, and will return in richest blessings long after the father has gone down to the grave. A pious tongue tells of a pious heart; it speaks of a pure life; it is reverent to God and respectful to man. It is sober and discreet, just and true. It is silent when prudence requires, and only speaks when it is proper and right. It loves the Bible, and speaks its praises. The Apostle James speaks of the tongue as wild, and hard to tame. It is hard to tame as a lion; it is harder to govern than a ship.

Here we have the wicked, blasphemous tongue. It takes the name of God in vain; it is a foolish tongue; it has no reason. I once heard of a preacher who happened to be in the presence of a swearer that had an oath in almost every sentence. He determined to show him the folly of thus mingling profanity with his conversation. So, instead of using the name of God, he put "shovel and tongs" in every sentence. "Mr. Smith and Mrs. Jones (shovel and tongs) were married last week (shovel and tongs) at the Episcopal Church." "Did you hear (shovel and tongs) the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher (shovel and tongs) preach when you were last (shovel and tongs) in New York?" The swearing man said to him, "Please just leave off shovel and tongs. It seems extremely ridiculous to hear a man saying 'shovel and tongs' in every sentence he utters." "I will stop it," said the preacher, "if you will just quit swearing, and taking the name of God in vain." The profane man had never before seen how foolish must be a habit that common decency should have prevented him from indulging. It is not only foolish, but it is very wicked. The profane tongue is one of the blackest ever found in a human mouth. It is reckless; it has no respect for God or man; it uses

language fit only for demons; it is such a tongue as St. James says is set on fire of hell; it can never enter heaven; it has no excuse for its wickedness; it brings no good either here or hereafter; it is vile as the old serpent himself; it has the poison of asps; it wounds the good; it distresses the pious; it corrupts the innocent; it dishonors God. Sometimes a boy has this tongue—he thinks it manly to curse and swear. I pity him; I pray for him; I beg you to pray for him; and I beseech you never to allow your tongue to take the great name of your Heavenly Father in vain.

And here we have the lying tongue. It is cowardly; it is afraid to tell the truth; it is fond of mischief; it tells tales; it gossips; it slanders; it flatters; it deceives; it is as bad as it can be; it is sly; it is cunning; it is malicious; it gets up quarrels and fights; it sets the school in an uproar; it parts the best of friends; it produces coolness, and sometimes hatred, among the parents, as well as with the children; it is a pest, worse than the cholera or the small-pox. The venom of the lying tongue is worse than the poison of the rattlesnake. I would rather be in the coil of the great boa-constrictor than in the coils of a lying tongue. Put me in a den of hungry wolves, but not among liars.

Let me herd with wild, savage beasts in the caves of the mountains, but keep me and all my loved ones from such as will not tell the truth. If there is any thing that God hates it is a lying tongue. A lie is like the devil, who is said to be the father of all lies. Lying is a growing sin—if you tell one, you have to tell another to make the first one good, and you have to tell the third to prop the second, and so on, until at last your sin will find you out.

It is said a father took his son to Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., of which Dr. Nott was President. He was noted for his influence over bad boys, and his power to reform them. The father said to Dr. Nott, "President, I have brought you my son, with the hope that you will make him a better boy." The President said, "What kind of a boy is he?" "A bad boy," said the father; "he has formed the habit of profane swearing." "Well, I think I can cure him of that," said the President. "He sometimes gets drunk," said the father. "I think I can cure him of that," said the President. "He loves to play cards, and I fear he will become a regular gambler." "I have hopes that I can save him from that," said the good President. "He is a terrible liar," said the father. "Take him

home," said the President; "I can do nothing with him. A swearer, a drunkard, a gambler, I might hope to reclaim, but a liar is such an incorrigible sinner I dare not hope to save him. Take him home; I cannot receive him in the college." The words of a false tongue, passing through lying lips, taint the atmosphere, disturb the social relations, blast good manners, break up business, destroy friendship, poison domestic peace, and, sooner or later, must come to ruin. Beware of falsehood. Shun even its appearance. There are no white lies—they are all black as night. Boys, you will soon be men—be true men; rise to this height; stand by this resolve; resist the old prince of liars, and dare to be like Christ. Girls, my dear girls, you will soon be women. Let your tongues never speak another word rather than be false. Be silent forever rather than tell a lie. Whether the truth is for you or against you, stick to it, and your womanhood will be as noble as true.

By this time the readers of this book must be convinced of the great importance of the tongue—that it can give pleasure, or bring pain; that it can promote virtue, or lead to vice; and that it can honor God and exalt man, or degrade the one and

dishonor the other. The eloquent tongue, wielded in behalf of country, truth, and God, has reformed governments, dispelled ignorance, lessened crime, built up schools and colleges, and elevated our sinful race to a higher plane. The same tongue, wielded in the cause of wrong, has destroyed nations, increased vice, promoted wars and bloodshed, aroused the fiercest and wildest passions, and led both individuals and communities to sudden and inevitable ruin. A prudent tongue prefers wisdom to gain, peace to strife, and silence to gossip. Its utterances are quiet, calm, and true; it does no mischief; it promotes no discord; it separates no friends; it utters no slanders; it indulges in no vituperation. It creates no uneasiness in the minds of the parents who know that their sons or their daughters never indulge in imprudent speech. The possessor of a prudent tongue is ever a welcome guest among the wise and good. His company is always a source of pleasure, and his conversation is both instructive and pleasant. But an imprudent tongue, who can bear? It is ever making blunders; it is ever setting the community in a broil; it is always meddling with the business of others; its interference is always for evil, and never for good; its words are forever spoken at the wrong

time and in the wrong place; its criticisms, however severe and unjust, are always so uttered as to do the most harm; it keeps the family in a turmoil, the school in trouble, and the community in most unpleasant excitement; it needs a bit with a curb, to restrain its movements, to hush its follies, to tame its wildness, and silence its clamors.

Then we have the murmuring, complaining, fault-finding tongue. Every thing goes wrong. The times are out of joint. The merchants are all Shylocks, and the farmers are still worse. The schools are all humbugs, and the Church is a nest of vile hypocrites. The old are bad enough, but the young are a thousand-fold worse. The preaching lacks point, the prayers want unction, and the singing is abominable. The organ sounds like a tin-pan, and the choir has not a good voice in it. Every man is an Ishmaelite, with his hand against every other man, or a Jacob, trying to cheat his brother. In the domestic circle, such a tongue is an annoyance beyond measure. It destroys all the pleasure of social intercourse, and breaks up the harmony of the family. It complains of the table, objects to the coffee, finds fault with the biscuit, and declares the whole meal to be execrable. Such a tongue in the mouth of a wife makes the

house of her husband worse than a house filled with smoke, and more gloomy than the famous cave of the Cyclops. Possessed by a husband, it makes a poor, nervous woman an object of pity. It has no mercy. It is harsh to her who, weary and worn, feverish and sick, claims constant sympathy, and actually *needs* the greatest tenderness and love. It frets and scolds, storms and raves, and converts that which should be the happiest spot on earth to a bedlam—to a place of wretchedness, shame, and confusion. Such a tongue in young persons sends out words which burn like sparks of fire, and whose pungency is so intense as to be repugnant to every refined taste. It complains of a patient, loving mother, and of an energetic, devoted father; it is impatient with brothers and sisters, with teachers and schoolmates, and is as careless of the feelings of others as it is inconsiderate in the manner of expressing its bitter and unreasonable complainings.

In conclusion, on the use and abuse of the tongue, allow me to lay down certain principles for the young readers of this little book by which they may be governed in its use:

1. Determine to control the tongue. Never speak when in a passion. A soft answer turneth

away wrath. It is said that a lady, whose husband was in the habit of using sharp and harsh epithets to her, applied to a physician for some remedy. He gave her a vial of a transparent liquid, calling it the "Elixir of Love," and told her to fill her mouth with it, and keep it filled as long as her husband indulged in abusive language. After a few weeks she returned for more, saying that it had had a charming effect, and had almost broken her husband of his violent abuse. The physician told her that it was nothing but water. He only designed to teach her that by controlling her tongue she could control her husband.

2. Never let prejudice control a single utterance of your tongue.

3. Cultivate the heart and affections, and the tongue will be gentle and pure.

4. Love the truth down in the depths of your heart, and you will be sure always to speak the truth.

5. Cultivate the intellect. Read good books, and you will have no disposition to indulge in gossip and slandering.

6. Cultivate cheerfulness, and then you will not be tempted to find fault, and complain of all that takes place.

Finally, consider the gift of speech as one of the richest boons God has given you. Exercise it in the fear of God, with reverence to your parents, with kindness to your equals, and with justice to all.

# ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

## INCORRUPTIBLE INTEGRITY.

THE first element of success is incorruptible integrity. Without honesty the brightest genius must be obscured amid the clouds of error and deceit. Look at Lord Bacon. He was at one time the pride and glory of England. His mind was comprehensive, clear, broad, and deep. He could solve the most difficult problems, penetrate the deepest mysteries, and unravel the most intricate subjects. He was a profound lawyer and a wise statesman. His scholarship was varied and thorough, his wit pungent, his eloquence was fascinating, and his influence more powerful than that of any other man at the court of England. As a philosopher, he was superior to any man of his day. He perfected the system of induction which has done so much for the progress of knowledge, and especially for the promotion of discoveries and inventions. And yet this man, whose position was but little below that of the king, and whose mind shone with a splendor never surpassed, and rarely equaled, fell

into disgrace, lost position, became a condemned criminal, and was denounced as the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind. Neither genius nor learning can make amends for the lack of honesty. Dishonesty has crept into all classes and communities. It has formed rings so corrupt as to disgrace society, and excite the fears of every honest patriot. It has dishonored the pulpit, soiled the ermine of the judge, and warped the sentence of the jury. It has entered into Congress halls and Cabinet councils, and left a foul blot upon the national honor. Fraud and theft have left their impress not only upon the national councils, but have made fearful inroads upon the public treasury. The obligations of contracts and the sanctity of oaths have been broken as though possessing no binding force. The highest offices have been prostituted to the basest purposes. Ambition, violent and remorseless; covetousness, cold, hard, and selfish; licentiousness, bloated, fiery, and corrupt, have united, like Pilate and Herod, to crucify truth, and banish honesty. For these times we need honest men, who have the courage to do right, and who would rather be right than occupy the mansion of the President. We need strong men, who can resist temptation, put down ambition, silence the voice

of greed, hush the clamors of vile passion. An honest man is the noblest work of God. An honest character sheds a celestial radiance along the whole pathway of life. It is as strong as granite, and as transparent as glass. It hates corruption, despises fraud, and holds in utter contempt all the tricks of those who are seeking their own interest at the expense of truth and virtue. Honesty may be crushed for awhile, but it must and *will* rise. It wears a vestment which time cannot corrode; it possesses a principle more durable than brass, and stands upon a foundation as immovable as the throne of the Eternal. The honest character may have to pass through the fires, but it is made of such stuff as no fires can harm. It is as immortal as truth, for its life flows from the bosom of the very Father of lights. Honesty, then, which no temptation can overcome, no seduction entice, no association corrupt, is the first great element of success.

The influence of an honest character is as exalting as it is permanent, and is as ennobling as it is divine in its origin and continuous in its results. A dishonest man is a Judas Iscariot in religion, a Benedict Arnold in patriotism, and a Francis Bacon in morals. His influence is destructive of

virtue, ruinous to morals, corrupting to the young, and more deadly in all respects than the most poisonous miasma that ever tainted the atmosphere, or carried desolation in its path. Cultivate honesty of purpose in all things. Life is made up of little things, and honesty in the smallest of them must be the rule governing your conduct. Dishonesty may flourish for awhile, but its success is but for a day. Its triumphs cannot continue, and its fruits are all Dead Sea fruits, beautiful to the sight, but ashes upon the lips. The way of the transgressor is hard. A cheat, a sham, a swindle, the dishonest boy or girl, the dishonest man, in all ages, must find the lowest level to which humanity sinks. I have known boys who received high marks, which they obtained by fraud, and invariably, when discovered, they lost caste, and were rejected from the society of the better class of boys. Be not deceived by the false glare which sometimes shines out from the gambler's hell. Be not led astray by the seductive wiles of the servants of Satan. Seek no companionship with the low and vile. Never make a bad promise, and conscientiously keep every promise that you make. Take care of the little foxes that spoil the vines. Be honest down to a postage-stamp or a copper cent. Turn away

with disgust from even the appearance of wrong. Remember the Chinese proverb: "Take not off thy cap beneath thy neighbor's plum-trees, and tie not thy shoe in his melon-patch." The removal of the cap might lead him to suspect you were taking his plums, and stooping down to tie the shoe might appear to him as though you were pulling his melons. Be scrupulous, and especially even in trading a pocket-knife. I once had a dishonest pupil, and when I last saw him he was pecking rock in the penitentiary at Nashville. I know a man, now in the Kentucky State-prison, who once occupied the highest social position. He committed forgery, and was borne from a delightful home, a devoted wife, and sweet children, to a convict's cell, there to remain for years, if not for life. I know another who is slowly sinking to his grave, ruined in fortune, blasted in reputation, distracted in mind, and wasted with sickness—all the result of a dishonest act. Take warning from these melancholy examples, and if honesty can assure success, make it certain. Love the honest, the true, and the good, with an affection pure as a maiden's, and as fervent as a hero's.

### *SKILL, OR INTELLIGENCE.*

The desire to succeed is as universal as our race. No man wishes to fail, and yet failure is the rule, and success the exception. I have endeavored to go thus far through the world with my eyes and ears open, and to take such observations of both men and things as might enable me to learn lessons of wisdom, which might benefit both myself and others. As the result of an experience extensive, long-continued, and often painful, I am delivering to the young people of my country lessons which I trust will be remembered after I shall have passed the brink on which I now stand. The next element of success is *skill*, or *intelligence*.

I hold that intelligence is necessary in the humblest avocations of life. It must guide the hand of the laborer on the farm and in the shop. The ignorant mechanic spoils the job committed to him, and often ruins the material on which he works. My watch is out of order, and fails to keep time. I place it in the hands of a bungler, and it is returned to me in a worse condition than it was when I gave it to him to repair. An ignorant tailor spoils my coat, and an unskillful carpenter makes a miserable botch of the house which he was to build. So

it is in every department of life. It requires skill to manage a farm, to buy and sell goods, to keep books, to roll pills, to mix drugs, and compound medicines, to cut and fit and make wearing apparel, and to give legal advice, or conduct a lawsuit. Without it, the physician loses his patients, or has none either to cure or lose, the lawyer has no clients, the merchant breaks, the mechanic starves, and the farmer goes to ruin. Destitute of intelligence, conversation becomes vapid, trifling, and society itself loses dignity and worth. Without skill, the noblest professions are debauched—the doctor becomes a quack, and the lawyer a jackleg. An unskillful physician trifles with human life, and an ignorant limb of the law tampers with the highest interests of society, whilst the ignorant preacher degrades the most sacred of human callings, and fails in the utterance of truths upon which the eternal destinies of immortal beings hang.

At this enlightened period of our civilization there is no excuse for ignorance. Books are abundant and cheap. The daily and weekly press sends out the current history of man. Schools are better furnished, and better taught, than ever before. Text-books are prepared with more care, upon a greater variety of subjects, than at any previous

period of the world's history. Steam and electricity have been brought into requisition to increase the sum of human knowledge. The twin volumes of nature and revelation have been opened to the perusal of man, so that he can read the thoughts of the Almighty. What excuse, then, can there be for ignorance? Man's interest, society's welfare, home comforts, present prosperity, and future progress, are all dependent upon intelligence. It blesses woman, and ennobles man. It lessens human wretchedness, and increases happiness. It makes labor more productive, and thereby adds immeasurably to life's comforts. It has given to us those wonderful inventions which enable us to travel without fatigue, to send our messages without strain of nerve or fiber, to plow in carriages, and reap on horseback. It has dispensed with the sickle and the flail, and blessed us with the reaper and thresher in place. And yet, with all these improvements, our farmers often fail, and our merchants and mechanics go into bankruptcy. With schools such as never opened their doors in the life-time of our ancestors, we still lack for knowledge. With means of intelligence and sources of culture such as have seldom blessed any people, ignorance still prevails, and the land mourns.

To learn we must study, and hence we have a third element of success—Energy. It is to work, earnest, hard work, that I look as one of the highest elements of success. A lazy man never yet gained success, unless by the merest accident. Labor is dignified and praiseworthy. It is the source of health, and the rich fountain of wealth. It is the law of our being, and the necessity of our existence. It is the honor of our young men, and the glory of our young women. A lazy boy gains no knowledge, makes no advancement, learns no lessons, and wins no honors. He is the dunce of the school, and the shame of his parents. He becomes the prey of sinful passions, and the slave of unholy appetites. He is as ignorant as he is lazy, and as depraved as he is ignorant. His youth is unpromising, and his age unblest. The man who at this day is ashamed of work is a dishonor to his race. Man was made for work. He must work, or violate every law of his being. Adam worked in the garden, angels work, and God works. I pity the man who feels himself above tilling the soil. We have too many gentlemen of leisure, too many soft-handed, kid-gloved gentlemen, seeking easy berths. We have too many fine ladies who are above cleaning a house, making a dress, set-

ting a table, or cooking a meal. We have too many idlers, too many loafers, too many consumers, and too few producers. I want us to return to first principles, and go to work. I love the working-man, and from my heart I honor the industrious woman. I love industry—hard-handed, brown-faced, honest industry. I have no respect for the effeminate fop whose whole energy is expended in waxing his mustache, twirling his cane, and in primping before the glass. I have no patience with the vain beauty who wastes her time on cosmetics, and her father's money on costly toggery and foolish furbelows. I look with hope to the labor-loving boy, and the active, ready girl, who are willing to do their share in the work of home. It is work that has made the wilderness smile, and the desert rejoice; that has opened the farms, and built the cities; that has increased our products, and extended our commerce; that has erected our railroads, and equipped them for freight and travel. It is energy that makes the silken cotton and golden sugar; that plows the field, and plants the grain; that sows and reaps; that spins and weaves; that saws and grinds; that fells the forest, and tunnels the mountain. It is *energy*—long-continued and persevering energy—that makes the profound schol-

ar, the able lawyer, the eloquent statesman, the useful preacher, the wealthy farmer, the prosperous mechanic, and the successful man in any business. Idleness is the bane of society, the ruin of youth, and the forerunner of impoverished and helpless age. It produces no inventions, and makes no discoveries. It sleeps while others work, and starves while others prosper. The idle man is a drone in the hive of human industry, and as such is almost beneath contempt.

Let me urge our young people, then, to overcome all influences which lead to sloth. Stand not on the street-corners. Waste no time in idleness. Be not ashamed of a sunburnt face, or a hard hand. Do not shrink from effort, earnest and faithful, persevering and exhausting, if it be needful to the accomplishment of a great object. Be resolved, if intelligence and industry combined shall accomplish success, that you will stand upon the highest mountain of prosperity, and look with pity at the poor unfortunate idler at its base.

### *PERSEVERANCE.*

Some time last April or May, as I was walking over some beautiful grounds, I discovered two young mocking-birds. They were scarcely able to

fly. Had I been disposed I could have easily caught them with my hands. They merely hopped from branch to branch, and when I approached, in attempting to fly they fell upon the ground in less than a dozen yards from the tree on which they were perched when I discovered them. In a short time these birds were sailing over the tops of the trees, and pouring forth their rich melodies, as happy, as musical, and as free as any birds found anywhere. It was by perseverance they gained strength of wing and such energy in flying as to put them out of harm's way. Failing of success at first, they tried again and again, until with active pinions they cleaved the air, and, sitting on the loftiest branches of the trees, regaled us with their sweet, diversified strains of music. Let these birds teach our young people a great lesson. If at first you do n't succeed, try, try again. Perseverance is, and always has been, one prime element of success. When the great Demosthenes attempted to address an audience, his failure was so mortifying that he left the stage followed by the hisses of the multitude. He felt that he was almost beneath the contempt of a people so elegant and refined as the Athenians. But he did not give up. He retired to a cave, and remained there for

years, performing the greatest labor, undergoing the severest self-denial, and subjecting himself to the sternest discipline, until he was prepared to startle the Athenians with the thunder of an eloquence whose echoes have not died away in more than twenty centuries. Perseverance overcame the defects of nature, imparted to him strength, compass, music, and power of voice, gracefulness of gesture, elegance and vigor of diction, and such control of the multitude, as to enable him to sway them to and fro like a forest swept by the tempest. Sixty years ago, Giles County, Tennessee, gave a youth to the ministry of a Christian Church. He hesitated, and almost stammered, in the delivery of his first discourses. So deeply were some of his friends mortified that he was advised to retire from the ministry, and return to his home. But he persevered. He studied. He cultivated mind and heart, voice and action. He dug deep into the great mines of truth. He not only read books, but he pored over the great volume of Nature, and studied man, the universe, and God. He began to rise. His friends became proud of him; Churches scrambled for him; the young admired him, and the aged listened with wonder and joy to the sacred eloquence that flowed from his lips.

He became the popular and successful president of a college, and gathered around him hundreds of admiring and loving pupils. He is now the Senior Bishop of the Southern Methodist Church. His wisdom is profound, his knowledge is varied, his personal character is above reproach, and his power to govern men and guide the councils of his Church has never been surpassed, if equaled, in our history. No man stands in the presence of Bishop Paine without feeling his greatness. He stands to-day the great conservative power of his Church, and is every inch a Christian Bishop. His life a success, his influence benign, and his talents sublime, he still lingers with us to bless, both by precept and example, the flock of Christ. Long may he live, an example of the result of persevering labor! Adam Clarke was regarded as the dullest boy in the school, and yet he became the most profoundly learned divine of his day. Rising from obscurity, the butt of ridicule both to the teacher and the pupils, he became a living encyclopedia of varied learning. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of the Vanderbilt University, commenced life as a humble ferryman, without capital and without friends, and by perseverance acquired a fortune to be counted by the million.

Forty years ago I became acquainted with one of the merchant-princes of Pulaski, Tennessee, and learned from his own lips that he began life a poor Irish boy—a stranger among strangers. He has since died, and left a legacy not only in dollars and cents, but a richer one in high moral, incorruptible integrity, and indomitable perseverance, to children and grandchildren, to sons and daughters, who are known and respected over the State. Without perseverance genius itself becomes powerless, character is lost, and wealth is wasted. The eagle does not buffet the storm, nor, cleaving the ether, rise high toward the home of the sunbeam, at his first effort. It is only after long and persevering efforts that he rises above the clouds, and breasts the raging storm, or mingles his scream with the thunder, and plays with the forked lightning. Perseverance overcomes ignorance, sharpens dullness, dispels poverty, climbs the mountain, crosses the ocean, wins distinction, gets wisdom, gains knowledge, and takes fast hold on instruction. It rises from obscurity to honor, and from poverty to wealth. It is the rich man's prosperity, and the poor man's hope. It writes upon the banner of the aspiring youth "Excelsior," and bids him bear it higher than indolence ever looked, and

hold it with a grasp of which impotence never dreamed. To our young people, then, let me urge with more than usual zeal this great lesson of perseverance. Without it, you accomplish nothing; with it, you can conquer all things. By the sacred memories of the past, by the glorious triumphs of unfaltering and persevering energy, by the light of a long and varied experience, by a deep and abiding love for all my race, and by a life-long devotion to the young, let me plead with you to persevere in the right, the true, and the good. Falter not in the presence of obstacles; quail not before temptations; yield not to the solicitations of sloth, or to the vile seductions of passion; but, with an unwavering purpose, and a high resolve, dare to pursue the straightforward path of duty, which is the only path of safety. I stand now facing two worlds, the present and the future—time and eternity—and to the young people I offer these counsels with the sincerity of truth, and the earnestness of love. I beg you to ponder them and follow them until your present hopes shall be realized in a life of unusual prosperity, and your aspirations shall be fulfilled amid the rejoicing of friends at your unexampled success.

### ECONOMY.

ANOTHER element of success is economy. Extravagance is a characteristic of our times. The credit system has drawn thousands into wild and foolish speculations, which have ended in financial ruin. The daily papers abound with dispatches containing sad accounts of failures entailing widespread suffering. Great mercantile firms often fail for hundreds of thousands, and drag with them to the dust helpless widows and orphans. Lack of economy, reckless running in debt, wild speculations, and gambling in stocks, have brought untold calamities upon an already suffering people. A daughter who is devoted to fashion demands of overindulgent parents dresses of the finest texture, and at the highest prices. A fine hat costs twenty dollars, and then she must glitter in diamonds. Thus debts are incurred, and ruin follows. The great and good Bishop Marvin, in one of his last charges to young men, urged them not to go in debt. "Rather," said he, "wear plain apparel, and let it be threadbare, or covered with patches, than go in debt for costly clothing. Economy pays. A penny saved is a penny gained. Extravagance wastes. Debt is an eating canker. Ruin follows

on the heels of wild speculation. Nor is it economy to purchase goods because they are cheap. Make it a rule to buy nothing simply because of its cheapness. Buy what you need, and no more. Remember that most of our wants are imaginary."

> Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long.

If all our young people would learn this truth, and limit their expenses to their wants, success would be far more frequent, and in the very near future failures would simply be matters of history. The amount spent in foolish and costly pleasures, for cigars, tobacco, and liquors, if employed for reproduction and increasing values, would do more for the country than silver bills or resumption acts.

Then to economy *temperance* must be added as another very important element of success. An intemperate man is almost sure to fail in any business which he may follow. He cannot succeed. His mind becomes bewildered. His passions assume the control of reason, and bid defiance to all efforts at restraint. His judgment is lost amid the fumes of alcohol. His talent for business is annihilated by the fierce passion for strong drink. The beast usurps the place of the man, and appetite

rules where reason should hold control. Who can trust a man given to intoxication? Of what business is a drunken man capable? He is unfit for any of the learned professions, and is equally incapable of being a thrifty farmer, or a prosperous mechanic. All this is well known, and yet each generation is cursed with its brood of drunkards. Drunkenness, though so degrading and so ruinous, has its fascinations, and still leads on its thousands of revelers to destruction. It inflames the blood, and fires the brain. It wastes the muscles, and shatters the nerves. It beclouds the intellect, and hardens the heart. It destroys the morals, and scatters the estate. It poisons the cup of domestic bliss, and brings woe and sorrow into the family circle. It degrades the highest manhood, and extinguishes the light of the loftiest genius. It blights the hopes of the heart-broken wife, and sweeps away the last prospects of a once happy household. Its touch is more poisonous than the bite of the rattlesnake, and its coils more deadly than the folds of the boa-constrictor. It is a soulless robber, and a heartless murderer. It charms to slay, and it fascinates to destroy. It enters the happy home of innocence and love, and leaves nothing but blighted hopes and ruined peace. Wherever it

goes it leaves the serpent's trail, and wherever it stays it brings sorrow, and crime, and misery, and death. It spares neither age nor sex. It combines all the horrors of war, pestilence, and famine. War does its bloody work, and allows peace to return. Pestilence sweeps away its thousands, and gives way to returning health. Famine carries desolation into countless homes, and departs amid the rejoicings of those to whom plenty has been restored. But this monster, Intemperance, continues with remorseless greed along all the generations of civilized man. The most stirring eloquence, the most melancholy examples of utter ruin, the most patriotic organizations, and the most powerful appeals, have all, thus far, proved insufficient to rid the world of this one great foe. Temperance invites by all the blessings of which it is the rich and unfailing source, and pleads with all the eloquence of truth, with all the energy of love, to the rising youth of the land, to look not on the wine when it is red, and to rise not up in the morning to follow after strong drink, and to stay not till the wine inflame them. By the rosy cheeks of health, by the firm and elastic step of its votaries, by the sound mind in a sound body, it calls away from bacchanalian revels, or drunken orgies. It is

the light of genius, the stay of conscience, the strength of reason, the hope of prosperity, and the fountain of domestic bliss. It gives life to business, and energy to trade. It is the buoyant hope of youth, and the calm, serene joy of age. Without it, success is impossible, and prosperity unattainable. Without it, life is either a scene of the wildest passions and most degrading crimes, or one long, wretched, lingering death.

Such, then, are the elements of success which I would recommend to our young people. Intelligence, Honesty, Energy, Perseverance, Economy, and Temperance, united, will produce such results as will gladden the hearts of your parents, fill the community with joy, and cause our impoverished people to look up with hope to the future. If I could know that these lessons would cause you to form good resolutions, and that they would make their impress on your characters, I would feel that I had not lived and labored in vain. My object in sending out this little volume is to make truth more attractive, and virtue more beautiful; to point out the evils which beset you, and the dangers which threaten you; to portray the fearful horrors of ignorance and falsehood, of sloth and crime, and to direct to the path of the just, which

shines more and more unto the perfect day. I am no croaker. I would not deprive the young of one innocent pleasure. I would not put a thorn in the path of a single individual that lives. I would stanch every wound, and dry up every tear of sorrow. I love young people with all the depths of a nature by no means cold. I never look upon a crowd of boys or girls, of young men or young women, without a thrill of most lively interest. Surely, then, I may claim to be heard, if not for my age and experience, at least for my abiding love for those whose characters must determine the future of this land of ours.

## *HABIT.*

HABIT is the result of custom. The constitution of the mind and body is such as that the frequent repetition of any act creates a desire for its performance, and imparts an ease and readiness with which it can be done. This is called *habit*, and exerts a most important influence upon the life and conduct. In the first efforts of the child to repeat the multiplication table the process is awkward, slow, and difficult. After awhile the table is repeated without effort, and with a facility and accuracy almost marvelous. This is the result of habit. The first efforts to walk or run, to spell or read, to knit or sew, to cut or drive, are necessarily made without grace or dexterity. Many mistakes are made, and many awkward blunders committed. It is alone by custom—by frequent and patient repetition—that the habit is acquired of performing any act with grace, ease, and elegance. It is thus the physician acquires his skill, and the lawyer rises to eminence. By it the accountant becomes an expert, and casts up long

lines of figures with a rapidity and accuracy almost incredible. The child now trying to learn the proper use of her fingers in playing on the piano often becomes discouraged, and turns away almost in despair from her practice. If, however, she will continue her practice, in a few years she will excite the admiration of all her friends by the elegance and accuracy of her performance. It is by the force of habit that the extemporaneous speaker is enabled to speak for an hour with fluency and dignity, with real eloquence and power. So it is that the practiced writer turns off in a few hours pages of splendid composition, all ready for the press. By the same means—the force of habit—the book-keeper has his accounts always balanced, the chemist performs his delicate and even dangerous experiments, the doctor counts the beating of the pulse without looking at the watch, and the musician detects the slightest discord in a large orchestra. So great is the facility sometimes acquired that the act is unconsciously performed. Thus in the intricate mazes of the dance many a step is taken, and in a difficult piece of music many a note is brought out, without the consciousness of the performer. It is not, however, alone in the ease with which any thing is done, on ac-

count of the frequent repetition, that habit consists. Another element is the *desire* for the performance, which is produced by its frequent repetition. The performance may be at first ever so unpleasant and disgusting; it will not be long before it will be eagerly sought after, and most gladly performed. The boy's first effort at chewing tobacco makes him sick. He is disgusted with himself and his "quid." After awhile he loves the weed, and delights in the filthy practice. It is a luxury beyond the richest viands, and to give it up would require the greatest self-denial. So it is with the first oath that the boy swears. His tongue is almost paralyzed. He is alarmed at his own wickedness. He looks around to see if any acquaintance has been witness to the blasphemy. Shame mantles his cheek with blushes, or blanches it almost with the paleness of death. He resolves not to do the like again, but in a short time he becomes an adept. He is a vociferous swearer. He utters the vilest curses. He perpetrates the most vulgar oaths without shame and without remorse. On the streets, among his companions, in the presence of age and piety, and alas! sometimes in the hearing of refined and Christian women, he is guilty of the grossest profanity. The first drunken debauch brings upon the boy, or

young man, inexpressible mortification. He is ready to take a Bible-oath that his first shall be his last. But mark the downward course of habit. At first, and almost without effort, any one can turn from it, and proclaim himself a free man. He can break away from a habit not yet inveterate —not yet fully formed—as easily as Samson broke the withes with which he was tied. Before a year has passed he is bound hand and foot, a slave to appetite, and almost powerless to contend with a monster as powerful as he is evil and destructive. The first lie the boy tells gives infinite pain. The lashes of a guilty conscience are constant, and remorse is almost intolerable. He repeats the lie. He adds another to make the first good. He becomes involved, and, to release himself, he adds another and another until soon he forms the habit of lying. Truth has departed, Sincerity has gone, Candor has taken its flight, Conscience is lulled, Remorse has ceased to give pain, and now Lying has become a habit. If he tells the truth, it is by accident. He lies almost instinctively, and without effort. The old proverb is fulfilled, and habit becomes second nature. It seems as natural for him to lie as to speak. Such and so mortifying is any bad habit. It is down! down!! down!!!

I have seen the poor deluded young man as he started down. I have talked with him after his first debauch. I have witnessed his penitence, heard his self-accusations, and seen his tears, and yet I have known him to go on and on until he died a slave, held fast by the adamantine chain of habit. It is against the formation of *one* evil habit, nay, of *all* evil habits, that, my dear young people, I lift my warning voice. Your habits are not yet *inveterate.* You are not too far gone in any wrong course to retrace your steps. Delay not one moment. Dally not with the tempter. Take not another step in vice. Submit not your free wills to the chains of a vile habit. The fabled Vulcan never forged stronger, and a slave never wore chains more galling. Be free, be noble, strong men, and pure, brave women. Listen, attentively listen, to the stern teachings of examples, to the earnest entreaties of love, to the fearful lessons which come from ruined fortunes and blighted hopes, and to the terrible warnings of God, as they are found in his holy word. Listen to one who has spent his life for the good of the youth of both sexes in this dear Southern land of ours, and never, no, never, contract a bad habit.

A few years ago I visited an asylum for crazy people. Among those that were in that large building, shut out from all his friends, and among those that were deprived of reason, was a man of fine sense. He was well educated. He had been brought up in wealth, and moved in the best society. He had married an elegant lady. He had every thing to make him happy. But alas, he formed the habit of drinking, and he became a drunkard! Brandy upset his reason. It made him a maniac. On this account his friends sent him to an asylum for the insane. I conversed with him, and found him far above ordinary men in intelligence. He had read a great deal, and had a large amount of knowledge. He conversed on almost any subject with ease and elegance. He said the habit was overcome, he was free, and ought to be as free in body as he was in soul, and he must be released from his prison. I thought so too. A few days afterward the physician said to him, "Here is some medicine—give it to this patient; but mark, it is poison: give it in drops; give it in small broken doses." The poison had been dissolved in brandy. He smelt the brandy. The old habit came over him. He did not give it to the patient, but drank it himself. The dose came near

killing him; he knew it would, but he was a slave, and was bound to his master.

I knew well a lady in a distant State who contracted the habit of eating morphine, or opium. Her husband refused to buy it. She would get it secretly—she would sell her clothes for morphine. She would have been willing to die, and would gladly have given her life, for the horrible poison. She could not break off from her madness, and died at last the victim of a habit which she could not overcome. She was a wife and mother, but the lost sight of these holy ties in her fondness for opium. I have seen many a woman ruin her health by the foolish habit of tight lacing. I have known many a man that did not live out half his days because of the wicked habit of drinking liquor. I have seen a man suffering untold horrors because he had brought on the gout by eating large quantities of the richest food. I have seen many homes dark, dreary, and desolate, because the parents had contracted the habits of idleness. Idle habits waste mind and muscle, and bring want and woe. The one habit of drunkenness has produced more crime, and saddened more homes, and crushed more hearts, than you could count in years. The habit of gambling has robbed the young, killed

time, hardened the feelings, and turned many a man almost to a fiend. The habit of *doing all for self* has made man's heart as hard as stone. The habit of *profanity* has destroyed often all respect for religion, all reverence for God, and all regard for the pious. The habit of *licentiousness* has sunk those once pure and good to the lowest dens of infamy, and caused them to engage in scenes vile enough to fill the bosom of a fiend with shame. So, then, habit rules the world. All human beings form habits either good or bad. Good habits help the benevolent to give with a liberal hand. They assist the righteous in doing justice and loving mercy, and walking humbly with his God. They make him strong in the presence of temptation, and give him power to conquer. They give authority to virtue, increase the power of conscience, and proclaim God supreme. They help in every work of piety to God, and of duty to man. They give more energy to prayer, and greater strength to higher resolve. They make the family a delight, and fill the home-circle with joy and peace. When you become men and women, you must say that you never became the slave of bad habits, that you never learned to eat opium or drink brandy, that you never made appetite your master, that

you never indulged in profanity or vulgarity, that you learned to pray while young, and continued it while you lived.

I have written to you so much on habits because *now* is your time to form your habits for life. I write these lessons for you because I have seen the great and noble surrender to a bad habit, and ruin their prospects for this world and for the world to come.

You are on the voyage of life. You must sail over this sea until you reach your port in safety, or until, wrecked and ruined, you sink to rise no more. Bad habits rise up, like huge breakers, to split the ship, and send the freight to the bottom. They come over life's voyage like successive storms, which will sweep you to ruin and to death. I knew one man, by one single habit, to ruin an entire neighborhood of promising young men. Their voyage ended at the beginning, amid darkness and despair. Ruined by the influences of one bad habit, they brought sadness to their homes, wretchedness to their friends, and ruin to themselves.

You that have studied geography know that there is upon the coast of Norway a terrible whirlpool, and that when once a vessel gets within that whirl no power can possibly turn away its dreadful

doom. It is said that once a royal party moved out gayly on a magnificent vessel from one of the ports of Norway. By some strange mistake the pilot neared the dreadful maelstrom. For a short time the joyful party knew not what force was speeding them so rapidly over the sea. They were glad. They had music and dancing, wit and mirth, and all went merry as a marriage-bell, but soon they were informed of the terrible mistake. They made signs to the shore, but no help could come. Faster and faster, in narrower circles, this noble vessel was carried like a feather around the fearful vortex. Every face was pale with fright, every tongue was silent. Mirth and laughter gave way to the deepest gloom. Then, in a moment, down, down into the gulf. The vessel was torn to shreds, and every one on board went down into the dark waters.

So it is with all who have gotten into the whirlpool of bad habits. They dash like fearful billows; they carry one down, down, down into a whirlpool more fearful far than that which swept the giddy throng of royal dancers, and sunk them all to a watery grave. Beware of bad habits, I beseech you! Beware!

Many years ago I saw a blind mule going round

and round in a small circle, as though he were on a tread-mill. After seeing him repeat it day after day, I inquired of his owner why the mule went those rounds. He said that for months he had been in the habit of treading mortar for bricks—that he was very regular, and usually put him to work about ten o'clock each day. "And now," said he, "though I am done, he commences regularly, as though he were in the mortar-bed, and continues it daily for an hour or two." The truth was, the mule had gotten in the habit of treading mortar until he was at his business on dry land, where no mortar was. You have often heard it said, "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks."

The elephant learns to dance thus: A large piece of ground is heated by burning logs upon it. The elephant is placed upon this heated spot, and at the same time a fiddle is played. The elephant begins to dance because the earth is so hot he cannot stand still. This is repeated daily for a long time. When, at last, the elephant is brought out, and the music begins, the earth has not been heated, and yet the elephant dances. He has formed the habit of associating the fiddle with the dance, and he dances from habit. So a human being can learn to associate certain sounds with the dance,

and will feel like dancing whenever such sounds are heard. When I was a boy, I saw a man drink a gill of laudanum. It would have killed an ordinary man. He did not appear to feel it, because he had been in the habit of drinking laudanum for a long time.

A great many years ago there was a man in one of our large cities who wrote poetry and essays of different kinds. He used the most beautiful language, and employed the finest imagery. He was much admired by the young. He became fond of drinking whisky. He loved it. He thirsted for it. It made him drunk. He fell in the street. He lay senseless on the sidewalk. He took the pledge to drink no more, and still he drank. At last he put himself in jail, where no brandy could be obtained, and his thirst became so great for it that he said, "If a loaded cannon was between me and whisky, I would go before its open mouth, and run the risk of being killed, just to drink one glass of liquor." Such was the force of habit with that wonderful genius.

I will give you another example: There is old Jim Toper. He and I were boys together. He was as bright and happy a boy as you ever knew. He was full of fun. He was generous. He was

noble. He loved play, and delighted to enjoy himself with his playmates. He stood at the head of his class. His father was a rich man, and lived on the fat of the land. He had a distillery. He took his dram in the morning, his grog at noon, and eggnog every Christmas. Jim drank with his father. The old man would leave a little in the bottom of his tumbler every morning, and Jim would drink. Then he would say, "Pa, leave a little more, it is so good." And thus he went on until his father died, and left him his still-house and farm. He was rich. He drank more and more, until he became a drunkard. He married. He had children. He spent his property. His wife died of a broken heart, his children were sent to the poor-house, and he went down lower and lower. Everybody knows old Jim Toper. He is in rags. He is wretchedly miserable. And yet, if you were to give him a dime to-day, he would spend it for whisky. He formed a habit, and now the habit rules him. He is gone! He will soon die, and be buried in the potter's field. It is terrible for a man to form such a habit. It is as though he had an iron collar around his neck, and iron chains on his feet. How you would pity a man who was so burdened that day and night he had

to wear his collar and his chain! You ask, "Who put that collar on him?" I will tell you, "He put it on himself." "Who fastened those chains around his feet?" "He did it himself." "Why does he not take them off?" "He has no power; he cannot break his manacles. Day and night he wears them; they chafe him; they cow him; they make him feel ashamed, and he wants to get rid of them, but he has no power." Such is the condition of the man that has formed a bad habit. He wears that habit as a man wears a chain which he cannot break.

I once heard a pupil of mine swear, and I went up to him, and said, "My dear boy, I am sorry to hear you take the name of God in vain." "O," said he, "I cannot break off the habit. My father taught me to swear when I was a little boy, and now that I see how wrong it is, I cannot help it." Poor boy! he was a slave to a habit as foolish as it was wicked. It is no excuse for sin that you have gotten in the habit of sinning. Suppose a murderer, or a robber, were to plead he had formed the habit of murdering, or robbing, so that he could not help committing the crime, would not the judge and jury hang such a man? You know he would be hanged, or sent to the penitentiary for life, or

he ought to be. Seeing, then, what a terrible thing an evil habit is, I desire to give you certain rules which you must be sure to follow, and then you will never be slaves to bad habits:

1. Never do a wrong thing. Never begin a downward course. Keep all the commandments. Shun the first step in sin. Drink no liquor. Tell no falsehoods. Speak no blasphemy. Keep no bad company. Say no vulgar words. Read no bad books. Go not in the way of sin and death.

2. Have a plan of life. Carry out that plan every day. This will give you method. Say, for instance, you have three studies. Have a time for each. You could easily say, "I will study geography from eight to ten; arithmetic, from ten to twelve; and grammar, from two to four." Carry out this plan, and you will be sure of success; you will be sure to become a first-rate scholar, and always stand at the head of your class.

3. Form the habit of punctuality. Be punctual in every thing. Be at school at roll-call. Do not be behind at recitation. Never be a laggard. Never have teacher or pupils waiting for you.

4. Be neat and tidy in person. Mr. Wesley says, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." It promotes health; it increases beauty; it ennobles

thought; it makes others respect you, and gives you more influence for good. Foulness and filth are always the helpers of sin. It is almost impossible to be good if you are not clean and nice.

5. Stick to your duty. Do not be fickle. Persevere. Hold on to the right.

6. Do every thing well. If you, little girls, are making doll-dresses, make them well. Have them fit well. Let the stitches be neat. So you, little boys, whatever you do, do well. If you make a box, or a trap, or a broom, do it well. Get your lessons well. Do not be satisfied with half-doing any thing. The habit of doing all things well will make you a blessing to society as long as you live.

7. Be cheerful. Do not be envious, or jealous. Do not fret, and scold, and murmur, because you have something to do. Be glad that you can be useful. Be contented with your lot. Cheerfulness can be cultivated so that it will never forsake you, even amid poverty and affliction.

8. Form the habit of prayer. If I were a boy again, I would be sure to pray every day that God would give me grace to do my duty; to form no bad habits; to keep all my good resolutions; to obey and honor my parents, and to serve Him faithfully while I live.

Finally, my dear young friends, if you have formed any bad habits, break them off now and forever. Turn away from them. It is easier to do that now than at any future time. In the race of life, start well; run true; keep on to the end. Then you will have the crown of life which Jesus has purchased for you, and for all that love and serve him.

# CONSCIENCE.

I ONCE knew a boy that was very smart and very proud; his name was Robert. Robert always stood at the head of his class; he was the best reader in school; he could speak almost as well as Henry Clay or Daniel Webster. He could do this when he was not more than nine or ten years of age. As Robert was doing so well, his father gave him a fine new hat before the old one was worn out. Robert asked to lay his old one aside, and wear his new one all the time; but his father told him no, that he must wear the old one awhile longer, and keep his new one for his Sunday hat. In a few days Robert came to his father with the news that his old hat was gone, that he did not know where it could be. His father looked at him earnestly, and said, "Robert, tell me what you did with the hat." "I did nothing with the hat, pa; I left it in my room, and somebody has taken it." So Robert put on his fine new hat, and wore it to school. But Robert felt uneasy, for he had thrown the old hat into the gutter. He had

told his father an untruth. The voice within him said, "O Robert, Robert, you have deceived your father, but you have not deceived God!" Robert went home, but he could not meet the honest gaze of his father. He was very shy. He had but little to say, and looked as though he was condemned to be hanged. His father was very kind, and tried to get Robert to talk to him; but that voice, talking to him in his heart, telling him how wickedly he had done, prevented him from talking. He could hardly endure to stay where his father was. "What is the matter, Bob?" said his father. "Nothing at all," said Robert. Again Robert went moping to school. He wished for his old hat, but it was gone. He wished he had never seen his new one. He could not study. He never recited his lessons so badly in all his life. The teacher said, "Why, Robert, what is the matter? I never knew you to do so badly." He was getting down to the foot of his class. He could not sleep. What must he do? It seemed that he would die if he did not get rid of the load on his heart. He could not replace the old hat; it was in the gutter, and could not be replaced at any price—it was lost. What could he do? At last he determined to obey the voice within him that said, "Go and

tell your father all about it." He was much ashamed. He went very slowly and with downcast looks to his father. He said, "Pa, I have something to tell you." "Say on, my son," said the father. "Pa, I have told you a lie: I threw my old hat in the gutter. I was proud of my new hat, and wished to wear it, so I threw my old one away. I could not rest, I could not study, I was miserable, and was obliged to tell you all about it. Please, pa, forgive. I will never do so any more." He was sure it would come to this. He was sorry for the poor boy. He said, "My son, I have ever taught you to tell the truth. It was no disgrace to have an old hat on your head, but it was a disgrace and a shame to have a lie on your conscience. I am glad that you feel as you do. You have had far more punishment than I could inflict by whipping you. I forgive you, my boy. Pray to God, and he will forgive you, and never again tell a lie." "I never will tell another lie as long as I live," said Robert, as tears came to his eyes and his voice trembled. He kept his word. Robert is now a man, and is a minister of great distinction. He has very few equals. His people love and honor him, but he often thinks of how heavy that new hat felt on

his head, and how much heavier felt that lie on his heart.

I have told you this tale to enable you to understand what is meant by *conscience.* It is to your soul what your eye is to your body. As with your eye you see houses, and trees, and men, and women, and every thing else around you, so with your conscience you see right and wrong. If you had no eye, you would know nothing of the color of any thing; and if you had no conscience, you could never learn right from wrong. Robert had a conscience. It was a tender conscience, and it spoke to his heart, and told him how wickedly he had acted in throwing away his old hat, and then saying he did not know what had become of it. After Robert had confessed his sin, and his good father had forgiven him, he was like another boy: he was so happy, he could now study, and he soon got up in his class. He could talk to his father without feeling shy a bit. His conscience was all right, and he was all right. It is a terrible thing to abuse the conscience, to refuse to see the difference between right and wrong, or to silence its voice when it whispers a rebuke for doing wickedly. I knew a boy once who did a wicked thing, and allowed another boy to be punished for it.

He lost his character; he never again held up his head at school. He used to go home to flee from the indignation of the other boys; but he could not flee from his conscience—that followed him wherever he went.

A little girl went into a store with a two-dollar bill. The clerk, through mistake in making the change, handed her back two dollars and the doll. So she got the doll for nothing. She did not tell the merchant. She was very glad at first, but soon she became uneasy. A dollar was on her conscience. It was the heaviest burden she ever bore. She could not bear it. She went to her mother, and told her all. Her mother told her to go right straight to the merchant, and give him back his money. She went. The merchant had not discovered his mistake; he commended her for being a good girl, gave her a nice present, and she went away a thousand times happier than if she had kept the dollar.

Such is the power of conscience. It has the power to make us happy or miserable, and to make us brave or cowardly. It makes the wicked flee when no man pursueth. It often makes the murderer confess his crime, and the rogue restore his stolen goods. It causes guilt to show itself on the

countenance, red with blushes, or pale with fright. It takes away the appetite, and destroys the health. It puts a thorn in the pillow, and prevents sleep. A bad conscience is like a coal of fire on the heart, or like a sharp, poisonous dagger in the bosom.

In the foregoing I have endeavored to show what is meant by the conscience, and to illustrate its abuse. It is the noblest faculty that God has given us. It is almost as his voice within us, impelling to the right, and restraining from the wrong; punishing us when we have done wrong, and rewarding us when we have done right. But for it, duty could neither be known nor discharged. Without it, there could be no remorse for crime, and no feeling of approbation for having done a good thing. When properly cultivated, it comes in conflict with passion, and hushes its vile clamors. It gives strength to a high purpose, and confirms a noble resolve. Conscience, properly educated and faithfully obeyed, would place our young people on the highest plane occupied by refined and exalted humanity; vice and crime would disappear, while virtue and purity would shine more brightly than the sun in heaven; duty

would become the universal rule, and our youth of both sexes would move forward in its discharge with unfaltering steps. Then the gentle admonitions of the conscience would be heard above all the violence of passion and the cravings of appetite. It is to excite to the cultivation of this noble faculty that I write these lessons for the young people. An old man utters words of instruction and of warning to those whose path of life has just opened with so much brightness and beauty. It is a pleasing task to me to write these lessons to you young people who may feel disposed to listen to the words which well up in a heart by no means cold to any, but gushing with the deepest affection, especially for you. When temptations assail, and pleasures attract; when the siren sings, or the serpent charms—then give a listening ear to the loving words I send out to you from the brink on which I stand. Remember, I have traveled the path which you now tread, and have fought the battles in which you are now engaged. As an old soldier, about to take his armor off, let me warn you who have just put the armor on. Let me beseech you, keep your conscience right. Do not sin against that. Watch against sin. Shun bad company. Listen to the softest whisper of the

conscience. A good conscience will keep you always happy. A youth with a good conscience is happier in a poor hut than one with a bad conscience in a palace. You may put such a one in a dungeon, you may cover him with rags, you may starve him by inches, you may shut him out from his parents, and still, as long as he knows he is right, he will be happy. Let me tell you of one who, all his life long, tried to keep a good conscience.

He was opposed. He was persecuted. He was tied up and whipped until the blood trickled down his back, all torn and scarred. At last he was condemned to die. He was old and feeble. He looked out from his prison, and saw them making preparations for his death. It was a horrible death they were preparing for him. He was not alarmed, he was not sad. He never was so happy in all his life: he was going to die, but he was ready; and while they were making ready he was writing, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." Then he shouted, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy

victory?" He had a good conscience, and he did not feel the sting of death, nor dread the gloom of the grave.

Many a man has had to die for his conscience. Come with me, and I will show you how a sweet little girl died for her conscience. It was in old Rome, and more than eighteen hundred years ago. Now let us take our stand where we can see. She is to be torn by wild beasts. She is a Christian. A great many are here to witness the hungry lion, as he tears her tender flesh, and drinks her pure blood. Here we stand. There is a Roman Senator; he is aged and dignified, and has come with us to witness the show. O what a show! Nero the Emperor is here, scowling and frowning. Do you see that beautiful girl? She is not more than eighteen years old. She is calm and hopeful. Her dark eyes are bright as the evening star. A sweet smile plays over her gentle face. She walks with the grace of a queen. All is silence. Amid the thousands that look on not one word is spoken, except now and then, "How beautiful! how innocent!" Whispering, you ask me, "Why does she stand there all alone? and so beautiful." She is looking for the lion, that is lashing his cage with anger. In a moment he is let loose. Look! he

comes! She fears not; she stands erect. He hesitates. The mild luster of her eye seems to awe the monarch of the forest. He crouches for a moment, and then makes his deadly spring. Listen, listen! She speaks: "Thanks be to God, that giveth me the victory! I come, O Lord, I come!" For conscience' sake she dies, and for conscience' sake she goes to heaven. O my young friends, could you die that way for conscience' sake? Many a sweet maiden, many a noble boy, have died just in that way for the religion of Jesus.

Be strong to stand by the right. Keep your conscience pure. Look straight forward. Turn not to the left or to the right. Keep yourselves free from all sin, and look to Him for grace to help you in every time of need.

# THE MODEL GIRL.

MY only aim in these lessons is to inspire our young people with a love for the true, the beautiful, and the good. Nothing is so admirable in youth as moral excellence. It possesses charms which attract the wise and good, and which must in the end win the fairest and most enviable fame. Virtue must be rewarded with the approbation of the good of earth, and of the Father in heaven. Our young friends will allow us this lesson to present a picture of the model girl.

She is not the vain and foolish child of Fashion. She is not a vapid devotee at the shrine of Pleasure —a gilded butterfly sipping nectar from every flower. Neither is she a follower of those who seek to occupy man's position, and who are forever clamoring for woman's rights. She has no ambition to make a display at the bar, or to appear on the hustings. She is no candidate for office that exposes her to public gaze, or which requires her to unsex herself. She is modest. She is free from bold effrontery. The shrinking violet is the beau-

tiful symbol of her character; yet she is not unnecessarily timid. She is as free from awkwardness as she is from forwardness. Modesty is that charming virtue which puts her at ease in all company; which never allows an unseemly attitude; which frees her from false shame; which secures dignity of conduct, and perfect composure of behavior. It prevents her from seeking the admiration of the other sex by making undue and improper advances, and still it does not cause her to hide herself when her company is sought. It combines dignity with grace, and elegance with ease of manner. It is ever respectful, and never rude. It looks up with reverence to the aged, is ever agreeable to equals, and always careful of the feelings of inferiors. No man loves an immodest woman. She may have intelligence, wealth, and beauty of person, but without modesty she cannot win the esteem of any man whose opinion is worth seeking. To modesty our model girl unites intelligence. She reads good books, and gains knowledge from all available sources. She receives much benefit from the conversation of intelligent people. She is a close observer of Nature, and gains inspiration from her beauties, and knowledge from her laws. She looks in upon herself, and

learns much from self-consciousness. She studies the characters with whom she associates, and thus becomes acquainted with human nature. She becomes conversant with passing events by reading their current history in the newspapers. Thus her lips are not sealed when she enters society. She converses with becoming modesty, and yet with rare intelligence. She does not obtrude her opinions with forwardness, nor withhold them with foolish diffidence. Then the model girl is *industrious.* She is full of vital energy. She works with a will. Sloth is contemptible, and a lazy woman is intolerable; she is a poor daughter, an unworthy sister, an indifferent scholar, an unpleasant visitor, and must make a sad wife and a miserable mother. It was said by Horace Greeley, in one of his attacks upon the South, that our women were entirely destitute of energy, and that they spent their time in idle gossiping and filthy dipping. I never believed this accusation to be just; on the contrary, I knew it to be false. The women of the South exhibited during the terrible Civil War not only the greatest self-denial, but the most untiring industry. They took the carpets from their floors, and converted them into blankets for their soldier-brothers and husbands. They took the curtains

from their windows, and made soldiers' shirts. They spun, and wove, and cut, and made into comfortable suits, a famous "gray," which distinguished the Confederate soldier. Women unused to toil worked with almost unequaled industry to sustain a cause which they believed to be holy. They were found in the hospitals ministering with patriotic devotion to the wants of the sick and wounded soldier. I, a Southern man, can pay this just tribute to the women of this sunny land.

I am sure there will be many readers of this volume who are willing to help their mothers in the duties of the domestic circle. Industry is a noble virtue. Energy moves the world. Angels move on active wings to do the will of God. The model girl is up betimes, and, with ready heart and active hands, is helping in the work that makes home happy.

Prudence is also one of the cardinal virtues of our model girl. She never gossips. She does not indulge in tale-bearing. She utters no slanders. She is not harsh in her judgments, uncharitable in her opinions, or violent in her expressions. She is not the terror of the neighborhood, because of the foolish and slanderous utterances which are so destructive of domestic peace. She does not cause

divisions, or produce jars. Like the rainbow, she is the symbol of peace, even when the storm is raging. Her mission is one of love, and she fulfills it with the highest dignity and the noblest grace. Then she is *amiable.* She is the very embodiment of gentleness. Her spirit is lamb-like. She assimilates the dove. Her words are full of tenderness. She is not passionate. Anger is never a welcome guest to her bosom. Malice is never allowed admission to her heart. Wrath never clouds her brow, or fires her eye. Like God-given Charity, she thinketh no evil. She suffereth long, and is kind. She beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

The model girl is truthful. She is true to her parents. She obeys them with implicit confidence. She never deceives them. She is never guilty of an untruth. She indulges in no deception. She makes no false pretensions. A true woman is a boon to her husband, father, and brother; nay, more, a boon to society; worth more than countless wealth. She is more precious than rubies. It is beyond the power of numbers to calculate her great worth. All can trust her, with the assurance that confidence will never be misplaced, and never violated. She never plays the coquette. She

would not make a conquest at the expense of truth. True to her parents, to her friends, to her teachers, and to her God, she hates fraud, and scorns deceit. Dr. Green used to say that the sins of girls were peccadilloes, and that they would deceive on a small scale, and commit little frauds. But I say the true girl will not deceive on any scale, and will not be guilty of fraud in any grade. Truth is godlike; its origin is the bosom of the Eternal; its destiny is immortality.

Be it my task to extend a helping-hand, and to offer an encouraging word to our young people to be good, intelligent, honest, amiable, energetic, and true. Be it my joy to look upon those who have received from my tongue and pen, from my life and character, impressions as pure as inspiration from heaven, and as lasting as eternity. Be it my destiny, in the day of judgment, to say, "Here are the children Thou hast given me."

The model girl is polite. She is never rude to any one. She would not be impolite to a tramp, or a beggar. She treats all with due respect. She seeks to put all persons at ease in her company. She makes no criticism on one who may happen to be out of fashion. She does not indulge in witti-

cisms at the expense of others. She does not whisper to her near companion when others are in the room, lest they might think she is saying something to their injury. She is never boisterous in company, as this would be exceedingly out of place in a modest girl. She avoids all slang phrases, such as "Good gracious!" "You bet," "Dry up," etc. Such expressions give evidence of coarse associations, and might indicate a gross mind, if not a bad heart. She does not make herself the topic of conversation. She never parades her exploits before the public; and especially is she too modest to attempt an exhibition of her learning. She may be, and probably is, superior to others of the company in extent and variety of reading, and in high, intellectual culture, but she has not the vanity to make a boast of such superiority. She does not intrude upon those who may be engaged in conversation which they may seem unwilling for her to hear. She is no eavesdropper, and shuns with assiduous care all intermeddling with any affairs that do not concern her. She has heard of the man who made a fortune by attending to his own business, and she greatly profited by his example. When another is speaking, she avoids interrupting him, and feels that it would be a rudeness

almost unpardonable in a young person to contradict a gentleman or lady who might happen to lack entire accuracy in a statement, or who might be somewhat awkward in the use of language. Even when she is unable to comply with the request of a friend, she says "No" with so much ease and grace, with so much deference and kindness of manner, as to prevent any unpleasant feelings on the part of the person to whom the refusal is given. She shows her politeness, as well as her firmness of character, when she is thus compelled to say "No," and, instead of giving offense, really excites admiration for her gentle firmness and rare elegance. She never does any thing on the street to attract attention—polite people never do. She is courteous to all in passing, and gives one side of the walk to the humblest pedestrian. She walks gracefully, and attracts attention even by her gait. Like Milton's heroine, she has grace in all her steps, and in every gesture dignity and love. Dio Lewis says that the girl who carries her chin well—that is, close to her neck—is all right from top to toe, and sure to walk well. Then the head will be erect, the shoulders back, and the chest full. In such manner does the model girl walk—not in a pompous and affected way, but naturally, unaffectedly, and gracefully.

At Church the behavior of the model girl is most exemplary. She is punctual, because she neither wishes to attract attention, nor disturb others. She never enters the house of God with such a clatter as to interfere with the solemnity of the occasion, or the sacredness of the house. She is attentive to the services of the sanctuary, and conforms her conduct to the usages of the worshiping congregation. She shows no impatience, though the services may be long, or even without interest. She avoids any restlessness that might indicate she cared nothing for divine service. Her whole conduct at Church is grave and dignified, and exhibits the good breeding of an accomplished lady. If possible, she joins in all the exercises, and is sure to listen with attention to the preaching of the word. She would not interrupt a concert or a lecture by any noisy behavior; much less would she prevent any person from enjoying all the benefits of religious service by even a nod, a wink, a gesture, or a grimace. In a word, the model girl governs all her conduct in social life by the Golden Rule. She does unto others as she would have others do unto her. Like a perfect lady, as she is, she carries sunshine wherever she goes. She sheds radiance along every path, and fills all hearts with gladness

by the purity of her character, the elegance of her manners, and the sweetness of her disposition. To her parents she is an example of filial devotion. Her obedience is cheerful, and her spirit is beautifully submissive to their will. She forms no alliances, and makes no engagements, without first consulting them. They are her best and wisest friends, and she knows it. She is not ashamed of them because they may have old-fashioned ways. She feels that disrespect to parents is direct sin against God. She remembers the first commandment with promise—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Said a mother to her son, "William, give your poor mother a drink of water; I am so sick." "I won't do it," said the boy. That was the very last request that William's mother ever made of her boy. That night she died. When he awoke the next morning, he was told his mother was dead. He wept until his eyes were red, and his face was swollen; but all his weeping could not recall his last words to his poor, sick mother. He repented, and years after he said he would give all that he was worth if he could recall that one expression, "I won't."

The model girl will never have to weep over such language, for she is never guilty of such cruel conduct. It is pleasant to see with what delight she meets her father, weary and worn with the business of the day, and how tenderly she waits upon her feeble, sick mother. I have known some girls who seemed to think it *beautiful* to be curt and disrespectful to their parents. Such girls glory in their shame. They will make as poor wives as they have been disobedient daughters. I have never known a naughty daughter who became a good wife, or made her husband happy.

Above all, the model girl is pious. She loves the Bible. She honors God. She delights in the Sabbath-school. She promotes every good cause. She is faithful to the Church. Like Mary, she is found close to the cross. She would not dishonor it for the world. She clings to it with holy fervor In all society, at all times, in all places, she bears about her the spirit of the humble Nazarene. It is His religion that has made her a model girl, and to it she looks as the last, best hope of her fallen race.

## *INFLUENCE.*

BY influence is meant the power to produce results. Every human being, possessed of ordinary intelligence and will, desires to exercise this power. He wishes to lead. He desires to have others do according to his views, and become subservient to his wishes. The boy sees a magnet placed among little bits of iron, and he watches these small particles as they gather round the magnet, and fasten themselves to it, as though drawn to it by a vital force. Then he says: "What a power in this magnet! Would that I could draw all the boys around me, and make them hang to me, and depend upon me, just as these iron filings are drawn to the magnet." This desire to wield influence is not only natural and instinctive, but is praiseworthy when properly guarded and controlled. I do not believe that any one, however lowly and destitute, can be found altogether without influence. All have some power. The child in its mother's arms begins to exercise influence with the first smile that plays over its innocent

face. With its first cooings it thrills the mother's heart with a new and holy joy. The first step that the child takes, and the first word it tries to speak, produce a thrill of pleasure which only parents can appreciate, and which can hardly be overrated. Good children are the greatest blessings which can bring happiness and joy to any home. They are more precious than rubies. It is no marvel that the noble Roman matron declined showing her jewels to her wealthy visitor, who had been boasting of some rare and costly diamonds, until her two little boys came home from school; then, pointing to her children, she said these immortal words: "Here are my jewels." Her boys were her most beautiful ornaments. They were the light and joy of the household. They gave to her home its sweetest attractions. Their influence was sweeter than the fragrance of rarest flowers — than the odor of costly ointment poured forth.

Such is always the influence of intelligent, loving, and obedient children. I doubt whether any writer has ever yet presented in all its force, and with sufficient moral emphasis, the influence of children. The Master showed his appreciation of childhood when he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." The scribes and Pharisees showed

their dread of this wonderful influence when the children accompanied the blessed Jesus with scattered flowers, and loud shouts of, "Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Robert Raikes showed the wonderful influence of children when he gathered them into the Sunday-schools to be instructed in the great interests of virtue and religion. The great movements of this age illustrate this great truth. No scenes of earthly beauty can equal that which glows in the shining faces of a hundred children gathered in the house of the Lord. No music that pours forth from band or orchestra can rival in sweetness, in attractiveness, and in power, the melody of Sunday-school songs as sung by large and well-trained gatherings of well-instructed children. Nothing has given such an impulse to sacred song, and nothing has given such an impetus to Bible-study, as the millions of children, who are not only girdling the globe with their vast numbers, but are actually moving the world as their little feet patter to the Sunday-school. It is the influence of the children that has opened China to the power of the gospel. It is to childhood that the self-denying missionary looks with hope and joy. It is from the children that Christianity has gathered, and is still gathering,

its richest trophies. It is to the children of the present generation that we look for the future glory of the Church, and for the continued honor and progress of the country. It is from the children we must raise up the men who must fill our pulpits, make our laws, write our books, marshal our armies, teach our schools, edit our papers, govern our States, and fashion the destinies of the race. The little girl now reads this lesson who is to be a ministering angel when pain and anguish wring the brow; who is to be a Florence Nightingale in the ministration of mercy; a Mrs. Somerville in the investigation of science; a Hannah More in the paths of literature; or a Mrs. Judson in carrying the gospel of peace to those who are still sitting in the region and shadow of death. The little boy is now listening to his mother or sister reading this lesson who is to control senators, like Webster or Clay; or lead armies, like Washington or Lee; or make discoveries, like Newton or Kepler; or produce investigations, like Watt or Fulton; or preach, like Bascom or Summerfield, Spurgeon or Chalmers.

It is to rouse every young person to an appreciation of his or her power that I send out this little volume. It is to your individual influence that

I wish to direct your attention. It is your influence that must make home dark or bright, happy or wretched. It is your influence which will either make your parents melt in love, rejoice in hope, or hang their heads in shame. I have seen a wretched father almost speechless with agony, because of the wicked and disgraceful conduct of a loved son. I have seen a mother writhing in anguish, because of the ruin of her daughter, who had wilted like a blighted flower under the polluting touch of vile and sinful passions. I have seen a mother broken-hearted, and a father, with all the strength of a noble manhood, giving way under the fearful blows administered by an ungrateful child. The blandishments of fortune, the glorious tide of prosperity, the deep interest which belong to other children, were all lost sight of by the conduct of a fallen child. It has seemed to me that I have seen the wretched son with one hand on the tender, loving heart of his mother, and the other in the gray hairs of his father, as he was dragging them both down, down to the grave; while by these parents the grave was looked to as the only resting-place for their woes, brought upon them by an influence as dark as it should have been bright, and as sad as it should have been joyful.

Do not say you have no influence. It was a little maid that saved the Syrian captain, Naaman the leper. It was a little boy that astonished the doctors and lawyers by his wonderful wisdom, when he was only twelve years old. Not long ago a little boy saved the lives of all the passengers in a train, by giving the information of the falling of a bridge during the night. A sweet little girl, well known to me, brought by her own influence an entire family into the possession of our holy religion. You have influence, and, what is more, you are responsible for its proper exercise. Wield your influence in the cause of the right, and heaven has no crown too bright, no reward too high, for you. Much of your influence is unconsciously exercised. Every *act* is potent with influence, every word streams with influence. Your whole character sends out from every trait a world of influence. You could not prevent it if you would. An enthusiastic philosopher said, "If I had only a place on which to rest my fulcrum, I could raise the world with my lever." Your influence is the lever, and your character the fulcrum; and now I bid you raise the world. Yes, young friends, raise the world to the heights of virtue, to the lofty plane of truth and temperance, of righteousness

and peace. By your influence you can kindle an influence whose radiance shall embrace both poles, and encompass the world. By your influence you can send out a whisper of love and truth which shall be heard all along the ages to come. Where Virtue calls, do you follow. Where Duty demands, do you obey. Meet your responsibility. Reach forward to a grander conception of moral power than you have ever had before. Rise in the dignity of a great character, and realize the work that is before the young people of the South. Be assured that influence cannot die. It is immortal. None of the great and good of other ages are dead. They never die; they have two immortalities—one on earth, and one in heaven. Influence is immortal below, the lofty soul is immortal above. Wherever the path of truth and virtue, of justice and honor, opens, enter it, and follow it. Make your influence for good felt in all the channels, and along all the currents, of social life. Help the Sabbath-school. Aid the temperance cause. Fight the battle for the right, on and on, until every enemy shall be vanquished, and God and victory be ever in the ascendant. Let your influence be felt in the grasp of friendship, the look of purity, and the word of truth. Lift your banner

to the skies, and never let it trail in the dust. Stand by the right until your influence, sweet as the breath of Spring, glorious as the orb of day, benignant as the love of God, shall touch every chord of human nature, and move every spring of human action to the right, the true, and the good.

## DEAD FLIES.

THE strongest presentations of truth are found in the Bible. It may be expressed in homely phrase, or be partially concealed under an obscure figure; but when understood, it necessarily leaves its impress deep and strong. Such is the manner of its presentation in the passage in Ecclesiastes: "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor." The rich and costly ointment of the apothecary, kept in a magnificent vase, and sending forth the sweetest odors, is to represent character. To any one understanding how highly such perfumes were valued by the ancients, and at what almost fabulous prices they were purchased, the figure is at once striking and beautiful. No human possession is so valuable as the character. A good name is precious, but character—the real, present condition of the man himself—is infinitely more valuable. It is beyond all price. It is worth more than numbers can calculate, or language express. Then, as the character can and does suffer from small vices or little fol-

lies, it is like the ointment spoiled by a dead fly. Now, my young readers, understand me. The costly ointment represents the priceless character; the dead flies which ruin the sweet perfume, and cause it to send forth stinking odors, illustrate those vices which mar the beauty and destroy the sweetness of an otherwise excellent character.

Here is a boy who is generous and truthful, but he is rude. He is noisy and forward in company. He is rough and unpleasant in his manners. Now, his rudeness is a dead fly in the ointment. It mars the beauty of his character. It is hard to love such a boy. He lacks politeness. He seems not to know how to behave himself. He talks louder than any one else. He tries to show off even his truthfulness in a blunt way, so as to be offensive. He does not hesitate to contradict his older brothers and sisters, or even his parents, if he thinks they are in the wrong. He is sincere, he is honest; he would be as far from telling a falsehood as any boy you can find; but he is so disagreeable to company that he is like the ointment with dead flies. He makes every one feel unpleasant when in his company. He sends out around him an influence like the smell of the dead flies in the ointment. Here is another boy who has many good

traits of character, but he exaggerates every thing; he tells nothing as it exactly is: he tells you that he almost dies laughing—that he was frozen to death—that the weather was the hottest, the coldest. Every thing is in the superlative degree. He is like the young preacher whose presiding elder went to him, and said, "My dear brother, be more prudent in your speech; govern your tongue; do not speak so extravagantly; it is injuring your usefulness. I beg you to speak with more caution, or you will ruin yourself." The young preacher was much affected, even to tears, and exclaimed with a sob, "I know it, I am sorry for it, and have already shed a thousand bushels of tears over it." The elder smelt a dead fly then. He felt that his young preacher would have to work hard and long before he could get that fly out of his ointment. I ask you, children, to look into your ointment, and see if you have any fly like this in it.

Girls have dead flies sometimes. They will tattle, and whisper, and gossip, if they are not on their guard. The habit of telling tales to the injury of any one is one of the worst that a little girl or a young lady can have. There lived in a neighborhood through which I passed, many years ago, old Sister Longtongue. People said she was

tongue-tied—that her tongue was tied in the middle, and loose at both ends. She was never satisfied if she was not getting up a fuss. She was constantly making trouble among the neighbors. Really, everybody was glad when she died. She had such a horrid dead fly in her ointment she was never welcome, and people were always glad when she was gone.

Now, girls, take warning from old Madam Longtongue. Never run about among your young friends, and tell tales. Solomon says that a talebearer separateth chief friends, and when the talebearer is gone strife ceaseth.

High temper is a dead fly that will spoil the very best ointment; that is, a child may have ever so many noble qualities, and they are all spoiled by a quick, irritable temper. Bad-tempered folks are a terror to all that know them. If they are peevish, and constantly fretting from morning till night, they are like a drizzling rain. The rain drizzles, drizzles, all day long, and makes you afraid to go down town, or even put your head outside the door. So is one that is always fretting, scolding, and finding fault. Said a little boy to his father, "Papa, is grandpa going to heaven?" "Yes," said the father, "I hope so." "Well, I

don't want to go there, then." "Why, my son?" "Because grandpa scolds so much; he is in a fret from morning till night, and I don't want to go to heaven with grandpa." It is bad in an old man to scold and fret, but it is much worse in a little boy. We do not expect children to have a frown or a scowl on their faces all the time, nor any of the time. But there is another kind of high temper. It is terrible. It storms and rages. If the first is like a drizzly day, this is like a day of storm. It thunders, it lightens. It not only keeps all indoors, but in a state of fright all the time. I knew a man once whose children would run like rats to their holes when he would get into one of these towering passions. Everybody had to stand around then. He was like a volcano pouring out floods of flame. His wife grew pale, and his children hid themselves with dread. Such were the outbursts of temper that made him a terror to his family. This was a dead fly that spoiled the ointment. You girls, of course, never get into such a fit of bad temper. Boys, I beg you, guard against it. I have known more than one boy to make his life miserable by giving way to a terrible temper.

There is another dead fly we will call selfishness. It makes the character cold. It dries up

the milk of human kindness. It is unsocial. It seeks solitude. A boy that is selfish will eat his candy all alone. He will have little to do with other boys. He cares for nobody, and nobody cares for him. He would not give up his seat in the car to an old man trembling on the brink of the grave. He would allow his old grandmother to stand, and he would occupy his seat. He has no desire to accommodate any one. He is like Ishmael, his hands are against everybody. He is stingy. He puts very few nickels in the box when the collection is taken up. When he gets to be a man he will be miserly. He will be ready to coin his blood into money. He will clutch, and hoard, and cheat, and rob, if he can only save himself from the punishment of the law. He is a surly fellow. He is like the old Greek philosopher who lived in a tub: he wants no companion. He is like the cur that occupied the manger of the ox: he will neither eat the hay, nor allow the ox to eat it.

Laziness is another dead fly. It is stupid and dull. It makes no improvement. It stands still when duty calls. The lazy man sleeps while others work, and starves while others thrive. The lazy woman is known by her dress, by the way she

keeps her house, and by the way her husband goes. A lazy girl never has a good lesson, never writes a good composition, never rises in the school, and only attracts attention by her lack of neatness or by her great dullness. Lazy children are always behind. They get to the Sabbath-school after song and prayer, and during the week they are tardy half the time.

But I will not hunt up any more dead flies. I have explained the text so that you all understand it. I want now to show you a character that has not in it, that never had in it, any dead flies. It is like the precious ointment that ran down upon the beard of Aaron. It is like the dew upon the mown grass. It is like unsullied snow upon the top of the mountain. It is like the sparkling diamond in the crown of the king. It is pure and gentle, honest and truthful, blameless and strong. It has no bad appearance, no dead flies. It sends out no bad odors. It is beautiful as the light of heaven, and sweeter than the summer roses. The sun itself is not so free from spots, and does not shine with a clearer light. In earth there is nothing so beautiful, and in heaven nothing so attractive. It forms the basis of God's eternal throne, and is the strength of his scepter. It is more

precious than rubies, and all else that can be desired is not equal to it. Time cannot waste it away—it will flourish through eternal years. Misfortune cannot harm it; and Slander, base and wicked as it is, can do it no real injury. It will stand the fires that will burn up the world, and will rise bright and beautiful in the midst of universal ruin. Be such as this. But one perfect character has lived as a human being in this world of sin. He tells you to be like Him. Rise to this high example. Make yourself strong in His likeness, and devoted to His fear.

# EXAMPLES OF WARNING AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

DURING a life of sixty years, I have had pass before me many examples of both failure and success, some of which I desire to give in this paper. The facts stated may be relied on as true, and each will carry with it its own moral. I have just read of the death of a man whom I knew well. He was learned, he was active, and industrious. He was gifted as an orator, and made most powerful speeches. He was first a Roman Catholic priest, then a Methodist preacher, then an Episcopalian, then a lawyer, and then a Roman Catholic again; and last of all, a suicide. He died by his own hands, after directing his body to be buried with the burial of an ass, outside the walls of the city. He lacked principle. He wanted firmness. He was destitute of a high aim, and hence his ruin.

I knew a preacher once who acquired great fame. He was eloquent. He was popular. He had the finest church and the finest congregation. He was honored by every one. His pulpit was the most

attractive of any in the city. He received the largest salary. His people feasted him. He said he could hardly accept the invitations that were given him to attend social parties, to eat fine suppers and magnificent dinners. He lacked integrity; he wanted principle; he yielded to appetite. He was guilty of lying. He confessed he had lied to conceal his shame. His sin found him out; he was banished from the pulpit, expelled from the Church, and sunk in disgrace. The child that is guilty of deception, that is dishonest, that cannot resist temptation, that has no fixed principles, will bring woe to his family, and ruin and disgrace to himself.

I once had a schoolmate—the smartest in the school—but he had no principle. He was dishonest. He became a horse-thief before he was twenty-one years of age. He was often the inmate of a public prison. At last he ended his life on the gallows, a convicted murderer.

Now I will tell you of James and Joseph, who were at college at the same time, and belonged to the same class. Joseph was cautious in his movements, and prudent in his speech. James was quick, impulsive, and often rash. They were both preachers, both zealous, both sincere. James was

eloquent, full of fine figures, and abounding in original and striking thought. Joseph was a plodder. He had a poor imagination. His command of language was not great. He hesitated. His thoughts were commonplace. His style was not attractive. James flamed like a comet. He filled you with wonder. He soared on high. You would say, "I never heard such eloquence from a young man." His voice had great compass and great sweetness. On the other hand, Joseph kept near the earth. He never soared. His voice was weak, and his manner tame. All said, "James is a genius. He will equal Bascom. He will be numbered with the greatest men in the land." They left college at the same time, and then their courses diverged. James became dissatisfied. He did not rise fast enough. The ministry did not pay. He turned lawyer. He got into difficulties with his brethren. He was tried in the Church, became discouraged, sunk into poverty, lost his great name, and died suddenly in early manhood, a disappointed, unhappy man. He lacked consistency. He wanted firmness. He was a failure. Joseph still lives. His career has not been brilliant, but it has been useful. He has gone on the even tenor of his way, making mankind better by

his Christian character and example. He was firm to his principles. He had a purpose, and he carried it out. He had an aim, and he pursued it. Loved and honored, he still lives to bless society by his words of wisdom and acts of goodness. Without the lofty genius of his classmate, and utterly destitute of his great powers of oratory, he has done more for the Master and for man, more to exalt the one and glorify the other, than most men of his age.

And now I will tell you of two others, that I will name Robert and William respectively. They too were classmates at college. They were about equal in intellect and in learning. Robert was a man of strong mind and great stubbornness of will. He was violent in his feelings, and often gave way to hate in its worst form. His early life had been spent with degraded men and worthless women. He was suspicious of every one. He had but little confidence in man, and less in woman. Not right himself, he thought all others were wrong. He continued to indulge his hatred to man until he left all decent society. He shut himself out from the world, in a miserable den, and spent his life in cursing man and denying God. His countenance became distorted by pas-

sion. His whole soul was turned to bitterness. If a friend approached him, he would order him from his presence. He seemed to thirst for human blood. He was a man-hater; yea, worse, a woman-hater; and still worse than that, he hated God, and denied his existence. In his rage he said, "There is no God." He had mind and force of character enough to have adorned any circle, but he lacked nobleness of purpose. He was destitute of charity, gentleness, Christian faith; and he died a most wretched death, denouncing in his last moments all that was good in man, pure in woman, and true in religion. William was altogether different. He was a Christian. He had faith in man, and still more faith in God. He studied the profession of the bar. He rose by slow degrees. He had trial, poverty, opposition, misfortune, all to contend with. He labored; he prayed; he was consistent. His principle never cowered. His aim was high. He began to prosper. He did not become vain or foolish. The more he prospered, the more humble he grew. He married young. His marriage was happy. His wife loved him, and his children almost adored him. He was active in the Church, taught in the Sabbath-school, was benevolent, and rose to the head

of his profession, a grand and good man. He never did a mean thing. He was never vindictive. He always acted from principle. He moved in his community as the wisest and best of men. Happy at home in the bosom of a refined and elegant family, happy in the Church that honored him as one of her noblest sons, and happy in the community which he adorned by his talents and virtues, he was a living example of the power of solid principles to build up a grand character.

I have told you these two tales, my dear children, to impress you with this great truth: Neither genius, nor learning, nor eloquence, nor force of character, can give you perfect success. You must be true to God, and true to yourselves, if you expect to bring honor to him, or gain any lasting success. All can be good. All cannot be great. You may not win fame; you may not rise to high position; but if *truth* be the foundation, and truth the very essence and fabric of your character, you *must*, you *will*, succeed. All good men will honor the noble boy who is guided by truth, as the mariner is guided by the polar star. This star never sets; it is never obscured. It sheds its mellow light alike amid the darkness of night and the brightness of day, alike amid clouds as amid the beauties of a

cloudless sky. Then follow truth as the wise men of the East followed the star of Bethlehem, and it will stand at last over the head of Christ, crowning him with glory and honor.

# HUMAN DESTINY.*

IT is easy to determine the destiny of any object by a close examination of its qualities. Man's intellect indicates his destiny to be knowledge, his sensibilities indicate it to be happiness, while his conscience declares it to be goodness. So that, taking all his faculties, we perceive him to be destined for knowledge, happiness, and virtue.

He is free to work out his destiny, or pervert it by waywardness and neglect—free to acquire knowledge, to cultivate his feelings, and purify his conscience: he, to a very large extent, determines his own destiny. Believing this to be the truth, I have thought the occasion of your graduation, so interesting and so important to you, would be a fit one on which to present such considerations as might encourage to the accomplishment of a destiny such as your nature indicates, and as God will approve. You can be intelligent. Already you have made encouraging progress in knowledge.

*Baccalaureate Address delivered to the Graduating Class of Martin Female College, Pulaski, Tenn., 1878.

You have studied the structure of your own language, the philosophy of mind and morals, the great facts of natural history, the principles of molecular and atomic action, the difference between organic and inorganic matter, the science of the heavenly bodies, the physiology of vegetable and animal life, the progress of literature, philosophy, and science, through the lapse of nearly thirty centuries; and the history of our race, both ancient and modern. You have also been introduced into the mysteries of mathematical science, and have learned different periods of calculation, as peculiar to arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. Still, there are many fields to be explored, and your present knowledge is to be enlarged, matured, and perfected. You are to keep abreast of the age. You are not to sink down into mental inactivity. You are not to allow your present acquirements to waste by inertness, or weaken by sloth. You are to press forward to higher attainments, and to secure a still more advanced intellectual culture. It is one of the highest attributes of mind that it is designed for perpetual growth. Progress is its great law. It must neither falter nor waver. It cannot be stationary. It must change from glory to glory, from light to

still greater light, or it must sink into grosser ignorance or more palpable darkness. While all the faculties of the intellect indicate that man should rise to intelligence, nine-tenths of our race make no advance in knowledge. One-half that enter our colleges fail to pursue the path of knowledge, and turn to other fields, and employ their energies, if they have any, in some other direction. The hill of science is too steep, and its ascent becomes irksome. To study becomes a task from which sloth turns away in disgust. And of those who continue their scholastic course to graduation, not one-third keep up the knowledge with which they graduate. In a few years Latin and Greek become as strange almost as Sanskrit, and literature and science are forgotten. While the college-course has not been without its value, yet many of its benefits are lost by a listless inactivity which forbids progress, and prevents growth. If you would reach the destiny designed by your Creator, you must take no step backward, you must not loiter along the way, you must aspire to lofty attainments, and you must carry out that aspiration by an ever-living, ever-active energy. A certain great orator was once asked, "What is the first great attribute of an orator?" He answered, "Action."

"The second?" "Action." "The third?" The answer was, "Action." Were I asked for the first great attribute of a scholar, I would answer, Action; and the second and the third would also be, Action. Inaction is death. Sloth is ruin. I would prefer action to genius. It is higher than fame. It is more precious than priceless wealth. It is hardness to the muscles, strength to the nerves, vigor to the intellect, life to the conscience, and the hope of the race. It rises to all heights, and fathoms all depths. It moves on tireless wings along all the paths of human thought. It is appalled by no difficulties, and discouraged by no obstacles. It breasts the storm, and defies the raging tempest. It has wrested the scepter from Jupiter, and taken the magic wand from Mercury. It disarms the terrible god of war, and discontinues the sacrifices upon the altar of Bacchus. It has deprived thirty thousand Grecian deities of their crowns, and broken all the images in the Pantheon. It has caught the lightning from the clouds, and gathered gold and silver from the mines. It has deprived witchcraft of its terror, and pagan superstition of its victims. It has chased away the darkness of ignorance, and illuminated the world with a moral light whose glory

surpasses the sun in heaven. It has subdued the earth, and given man dominion over the land and the sea. It is the glory of man, and the charm of the gentler sex. It is the heritage of the race, and comes much more as a blessing than as a curse. Do not think of a bed of roses. Do not anticipate a life of inglorious ease. The world is moving, great principles are rousing the nations, the car of progress has gained a fresh impulse, and the earth shakes beneath the rapid revolutions of its mighty wheels. Will you sit down in idleness, and not join the vast procession whose firm and active step is a prophecy of the millennial dawn? If you would rise above mediocrity, your work of intellectual advancement is but just begun. You have but just reached the shore on which Newton gathered his pebbles. The great ocean of knowledge lies out before you. To sail out on that ocean demands an earnestness of endeavor and a perseverance of energy which no difficulties can discourage. But intelligence is not alone your destiny.

The highest faculty of your nature teaches every observer that your destiny is the highest moral excellence. If there is any truth in the testimony of universal consciousness, then has the great Au-

thor of your being designed you more for exalted virtue, for perfection of moral character, for freedom from the stains of sin, than for any other one thing. If woman is not good, she is a monster. Whatever be her intellectual attainments, she sinks to the lowest level of depraved humanity the very moment she loses that moral equipoise which keeps her properly balanced, and prevents her utter degradation. I would have you polished and bright in intellect; but more than this, I would have you all stainless and pure. Let no impure thought take possession of the intellect, and no sinful passion nestle in the heart. Cultivate all the virtues, both active and passive. Be just, and fear not. Stand firm, and be strong. Cultivate strength of character. A strong character, whether in man or woman, is sublime. It breasts the storm of passion, and drives back the tide of evil, which threatens the destruction of society. In the elevation of a moral standard, I have looked more to woman than to man. At home, in the domestic circle, she moves a queen. From her home she gives out an influence silent as the dew, and powerful as the influences which wheel the world, and pure and sweet as the fragrance wafted by spicy breezes. She is sunshine amid the tempest, and her influ-

ence is the rainbow that arches the darkest cloud. A good woman, refined in her manners, pure in her speech, benevolent in her conduct, and faultless in her principles, is at once the light of home, and the joy of all its inmates. Home is not home without woman, pure and good; and where there is no home, patriotism dies, purity sickens, justice decays, benevolence ceases, and the land mourns. No evil is comparable to the corruption of female character. Famine and pestilence, war and anarchy, may bring dismay and horror, and may sweep over the land until a wail of woe hushes every sound of laughter and mirth; but all this, and more, can be borne, rather than the blight of female virtue, and the utter blasting of female loveliness. This night, as you receive the honors of Martin College, and set out afresh in the battle of life, determine to pursue the right, to move straight forward with the zeal of God's approbation on your brow, and his ineffaceable image on your heart. Never falter for one moment, but with a strong determination give your whole influence for every cause that will bless man and honor God. Seize every opportunity to speak or act for every righteous cause. Do not mind the world's dread laugh. Care not for the scorn of the fool-

ish, or the scoff of the heartless. The fear of offending against the fashions of the day should not even retard, much less prevent, the acquisition of the highest virtue. A corrupt public opinion has deterred many from entering the field of moral culture, and battling bravely and perseveringly for the right. The dread of being laughed at as singular has robbed the world of many a hero in the strife. From the depths of my inner nature I honor a woman who can dare oppose a fashion which is corrupt in its influence, and which leads its votaries to perdition. A woman who can set her face as flint against drinking parties, who can oppose with all the might of omnipotent truth round dances, and all their foul brood of vices, rises to a height of greatness rarely attained by the daughters of the nineteenth century. A woman—a *true woman*—must have the nerve to resist all the seductive influences of insincere and heartless fashionable life. A woman, to be strong on the side of virtue, must stand with the firmness of a martyr, and with more than the strength of the fabled Titan, to resist and drive back the black and motley herd whose vocation is to blight all the flowers of virtue, and to corrupt and blast all the refined elements of society. It is to educate women

whose intellect cannot be despised, and whose high culture and refined taste must command respect, that we are to look for the elevation of the public taste. Woman has always been the greatest sufferer by the dissoluteness of unbridled passion. Of all tears, hers have been the bitterest; and of all fates, hers has been the saddest. When the morals of society decay, and the dance of death has begun, then it is that the lamentations of suffering woman are heard all along the paths of social life. Then it is that society is loosed from its moorings, and all that is stable in human hopes is wrecked. Then conjugal peace and happiness take their flight from homes which might have been happy, and leave them in the wildest confusion, without a trace of virtue, or a ray of hope. And let me tell you, when there is no home for virtue in this land of ours, domestic peace will be among the things that were, the blessings of civil and religious liberty will take their flight from the vile and seething passions of a fallen race, and in homeless wretchedness husbands, and brothers, and sons, and fathers, will wander beneath a dark and stormy sky, from which neither sun nor star shines out to inspire hope, or to arouse to some high and noble effort. I have never fostered in my heart,

or allowed to nestle in my bosom, the least bitterness of feeling, nor have I permitted myself to indulge in a fault-finding or croaking spirit. Armed with divine truth, and burning with a holy confidence in its power to save, I have accustomed myself to look hopefully to the future of my country and of my race. When that future has seemed all dark, I have looked through the pure and innocent American home to a grand and sublime destiny. As long as I can trust the mothers, wives, and daughters, so long can I look with joyful hope along all the coming years of the great Republic. I have faith in you. I can trust you in society. I can look to you as the representatives of the pure, grand, and immortal truths which I know lodge deeply in your bosoms. With characters purified by Christian influence, and rendered robust by Christian principles, I can trust you to meet and repel all the influences that would lead you to pursue sinful paths. Still, I must caution you against the wiles of flattery, the tongue of deceit, the snares of the foolish and vain, and the sneers of practical atheism and godless infidelity. I must caution you against entering the vortex of fashionable dissipation, by which so many have been swept to sudden and hopeless ruin. I must

warn you against every appearance of evil. I must urge you not to approach the edge of that fearful precipice over which so many have fallen, and have been lost. With a love for you not much inferior to parental affection, I offer you these words of counsel, and beg that they may be heard as dictated by a loving heart, and as the result of a large experience, though not of infallible wisdom.

But I have stated that God designed you for happiness.

It is true that you are not to anticipate in this life unmingled pleasure. I care not to penetrate the future, and foretell the sorrows which are the lot of our common humanity. The very susceptibilities which render us capable of happiness make us liable to misery. A pure life meets with proper resignation and with holy hope the necessary trials and sorrows of earth, and looks forward to the great beyond with assurance that afflictions here shall end in eternal fruition hereafter. The end of virtue is happiness, and the reward of purity is supreme and ineffable bliss. While then it would be both improper and untrue for me to promise complete happiness in this world, I can assure you that a life of spotless innocence, inflexible justice, unadulterated truth, active benevolence, and sincere

piety, has its reward, even here. Pleasures spring along every pathway of duty. They come as the natural and assured heritage of right principles. They cluster like beautiful flowers, and send forth their sweetest fragrance in all the abodes of virtue. They accompany the brave soldier of the cross on all the battle-fields for the right. They come like swift-winged angels to minister to the weary and worn in all their conflicts, and to bless them with patience, and sustain them with resignation.

Happiness fills the heart of the devoted daughter as she patiently and devotedly ministers to a sick and suffering mother. It gives beauty to her countenance, and activity to her steps. It follows the footsteps of love, and attends upon every word of affection, and every look of tenderness. It is not a transient visitor to the bosom in which purity has its abode, but is the constant companion of truth and virtue. The energy of lofty principles, of purified affections, and of an exalted conscience, is the highest energy that man or woman can exert. It allies humanity more closely to God than all the other energies combined. It is indeed godlike, and its results are forever flowing back upon the soul in a tide of pure, sparkling joy.

Extended observation and varied experience

have both taught me that in no other way can a high destiny be secured. Sloth brings no happiness, inactivity gives no rewards, and confers no honors. An active life is the only happy life. The flowers of pleasure bloom only in the pure sunshine, unobscured by the clouds of vice and folly. They flourish and bear fruit alone in fields cultivated by hands of industry.

You are my epistles, written with my own hand, and wearing my own seal. I can trust my reputation, my life, my character, to you. Into other hands I now commit you. Into other and more stirring scenes you will now be called. Into the battle of life you now enter. I shall ever hope that you will meet the storm, as does the beautiful bird of paradise, with your faces to the tempest, and confronting its violence. Dare to be heroic. Never attempt to flee from the commands of conscience. Yield never to the solicitations of ease and sloth. When public opinion is right, go with it; but when wrong, resist it with all the power of a sublime principle. Meet scorn, contempt, and death itself, sooner than commit a wrong, or shrink from duty. You must be women, brave, earnest women, ready to do battle upon every field, and in all circumstances. Love your *Alma Mater*. Martin

College looks to her daughters more than to rich endowment or to powerful friends. You are her jewels in the highest sense of that word. If you do not adorn her crown, let her then be crownless; if you do not speak her praises, then let Martin College die without a friend, and without a mourner.

Make your home happy. Throw the radiance of love and peace in every nook and corner of the old homestead. Love the Bible. Honor the truth as it shines out from its pages, and speaks in its precepts and in its promises. Love and obey its great Author. Hold fast to your holy religion. Then, when life's duties are discharged, and its conflicts past, you shall be gathered with the pure and the good to enjoy an immortal destiny, whose fruition shall as far surpass all present expectations as heaven shall excel the gilded toys of earth.

# CAUSES OF FAILURE.

IT is a truth that every child knows, that a great many men fail to accomplish any good. They are failures. They often curse society, instead of blessing it. They are wretched themselves, and they make others miserable. Why is this? Why does not every man make the world wiser and better? Now, my young readers, you must attend closely to this lesson, and you will see why it is so few succeed in life.

1. All people commence life in entire ignorance. The child knows nothing. If, in after-years, knowledge is gained, it is by great effort. Many persons never put forth this effort. They never try to learn; hence they live and die in ignorance. You have heard that knowledge is power. Do you understand this? Take a doctor. He is sent for to see a sick child. The child can tell him nothing. The doctor is ignorant. He knows not what ails the child. He knows nothing of a remedy. He has no power, because he has no knowledge. Another doctor comes. He can tell, the moment he exam-

ines the child, what is the matter. He tells by the skin, or the eyes, or the tongue. He has power. He knows the remedy. He cures the child.

My watch is out of order. It does not keep time. I do not know what is the matter with it. I carry it to a poor mechanic. He knows nothing about a watch. He makes it worse. I then take it to a first-rate watchmaker. He knows all about it. A spring or a wheel is out of fix. He fixes it. Knowledge is power. The watch runs all right now. So you see that ignorance is one great cause of failure. A lady cannot make a dress unless she knows how. She cannot cook a meal's victuals unless she understands it. Then, if you expect to rise in life, you must study; you must try to be wise; you must get wisdom, and lay fast hold of instruction.

2. Many a man fails for lack of energy. He is lazy. He loves ease. He will not work. He sleeps away the golden opportunities for usefulness which God gives him. A lazy man has no success. His whole life is a series of misfortunes. He has more bad luck than all his neighbors. His farm is grown up with briers and weeds. His house has no comforts: the roof leaks, the wind whistles through the cracks in the walls, and the poor wife has no heart to do any thing, for her hus-

band gives her no encouragement. The children are poorly clad, and badly fed. The home has no cheers, and the family circle no joys. The husband and father is a drone, and a disgrace to humanity—the shame of his wife, and the ruin of his children—for they must grow up in ignorance, and probably in crime.

Now, children, come let us look at a lazy man as described by Solomon. It is a beautiful morning. The sun is high in heaven. There is not a cloud in the sky. It is the beautiful spring-time. The flowers bloom, and the birds sing, and all Nature is in her gayest attire. Let us look at the watch. It is just nine o'clock. Just on the road-side is a poor shanty. The chimney is propped up with rails, or it would fall down. The gate is off its hinges. The pigs are in the yard. The garden is full of thorns and thistles. The door is ajar, and we enter. On a bed of straw lies the lazy man. He is not sick. He is in a deep sleep. He snores. We wake him. He rubs his eyes. He yawns. He complains, "You have waked me too soon; I must sleep again." His children are in rags. His wife is moping in a corner of the miserable hovel. You cannot blame her, for her children are crying for bread, which

the lazy hands of her husband will never earn. A lazy boy is at the foot of his class, and a lazy man is at the foot of society, all his life.

3. Another cause of failure is want of firmness. Some children are fickle. They have no aim. They are very easily influenced to change. They cannot continue at any one study, or even at a lesson, until it is learned. They never make scholars. Change! Change is the constant cry. An unstable man cannot succeed. If he is first one thing, and then another, everybody loses confidence in him. I knew a man who was first a dentist, then a lawyer, then a preacher, then a politician—now on one side in politics, now on another—and the result was failure. Children, take your stand. Form your purpose. Be firm. Go forward in the right. Dare to stick to the true and the good, and you will succeed.

4. Another reason so many fail is the lack of honesty and the want of truth. They are cheats; they are shams. They lose the confidence of all that know them. They make promises, and break them. They practice deception as an art. They prefer falsehood to truth. Such children always come to grief. Such men lose their standing, get into trouble, commit crime, and are sent to the

jail or the penitentiary. I once had a pupil of this kind. He would play truant. He would feign sickness. He would be guilty of thieving in a sly way. He lost all character at college, and left in disgrace. He grew up to be a man. He still carried on his dishonest practices. The last I saw of him he was pecking rock in the penitentiary of Tennessee. He changed his name in order to save his family from disgrace. Such must be the end of a life that has no principle to guide it. Justice may be slow, but it is very sure. Dishonesty, falsehood, hypocrisy, may be prosperous for awhile. Such cannot last. Disaster must come. Ruin must end a life of falsehood. Disgrace is sure to follow a career of crime.

5. Dissipation is another fruitful source of failure. It is utterly impossible for success to follow in the wake of a drunkard. He is always incapable of business, and unfit for duty. He wastes his time, and scatters to the four winds the finest talents. He ruins his health, and blights every earthly hope. He wallows in mire, and revels in the gratification of beastly passions. He is a foul blot on humanity, and a disgrace to his race. In the great battle of life he must always suffer defeat, and in the race for honor and emoluments he can never win.

Let me, then, once more warn our young people against this rock upon which so many have split. Look not upon the wine when it is red. Touch not the intoxicating cup. Take not hold on death. Yield not to temptation which fascinates to your ruin. Add not another to the uncounted failures which dishonor the fairest land beneath the sun.

# THE IMAGINATION.

THE imagination is that power by which the mind unites known elements into new relations with each other, thereby forming a new creation. Among the ancients there was an imaginary monster, called the Centaur. It was said to be half man and half horse. Now, here were elements well known—man and horse—but these elements were never thus united in nature.

Such is the power of the imagination that it can take any elements, and so unite them as to startle by their novelty, and please by their appropriateness. It is said that when the celebrated Grecian painter, Zeuxis, was required to paint a woman perfect in form and feature, he took some six of the most beautiful women, and selected from each some feature, which, by his imagination, he grouped together, thus forming a picture of a purely imaginary being, who excelled any living maiden or matron in all that constituted beauty.

It is thus that the landscapes that shine on canvas come forth from the artistic hands of the paint-

er almost without a flaw to mar their beauty. It was thus that Milton created Paradise glowing with beauty celestial.

We owe to the imagination many of the richest and rarest flowers of literature, the finest gems of poetry, and the sublimest strains of oratory. It is a noble faculty. When tired of the dull monotony of this world, we can create other worlds shining in pristine beauty, unstained by sin, and never visited by death and sorrow. It can pass beyond all worlds, and look out upon the infinite void in which no sun shines, and no world revolves. Corrupt, it creates scenes and characters whose very actors are of the pit, and whose touch is moral death. It was the corrupt imagination of Byron which conceived the dark pictures in Don Juan. By such an imagination the world has been flooded by the filthiest ichor that ever sent its pestiferous stench to breed moral desolation. Its pictures corrupt the innocent, and seduce the young. They fascinate to bewilder; they charm to destroy. They fire the passions, and pollute the conscience. They fill the air with moral malaria, and spread abroad most poisonous miasma.

It is almost universally true that the moral sense is tainted through the influence of the imagina-

tion. Designed to give to virtue its bright charms, and to its rewards celestial luster, it grovels in sensuality, and revels amid scenes fetid with the results of foul and seething passions. Given to us for the wisest purposes, it has been debased to the most ignoble ends. Capable of the loftiest and purest creations, it has been perverted to an indulgence in scenes whose foulness equals the lowest dens of infamy which human deformity has ever fostered. With the beauty and grandeur of Nature to inspire it, the debased imagination has often sought its inspiration amid the most revolting scenes of vice and crime. With a power to soar to the highest heaven of thought, it is often content to dwell low down amid seething furnaces, whose fire is kindled by all-consuming lust.

It is a well-known fact that most of the crimes that degrade our race have been committed over and over again in imagination before they disgraced our annals in real life. The assassin has plunged his dagger to the heart of his victim again and again, in his excited and corrupt imagination, long before he committed the crime in actual life. So it is with all premeditated crimes. They are the companions of salacious imaginations, the invited guests of bosoms which have been opened to

them by the heated fervor of ignoble passions. All this shows how sin debases and pollutes all that it touches. Here is one of the highest of the intellectual faculties, more honored of God than any other, which can be corrupted to the basest purposes, and can be made to delight in the most horrible and dreadful scenes. The boy reading his dime novel is inhaling the poison which is to blight his life, and cause to fester the many sources of purity and of happiness. The youth alone at night allows his imagination to inflame the worst of passions, amid scenes from which the virtuous mind shrinks with infinite dismay. And that faculty which glowed with supernatural influence, as it pictured beneath Isaiah's pen scenes of the grandest sublimity, and touched his lips with hallowed fire, carries his powerless victim down, down to where the pit opens, and fiends indulge in midnight revels.

Against this fearful descent let me warn you with all the earnestness of love and power of truth. Another step, and it may be too late to beat a retreat. Another indulgence of an imagination corrupted by impure passions may lead to a distance from virtue from which there is no return. The imagination and passions react upon each other,

and produce the fiercest and most intense moral heat known. Both, set on fire by the breath of demons, lead the soul to utter and helpless ruin. I charge my young readers that they listen to this voice as though uttered by the lips of the Eternal, and that they keep away from influences which will bear them with the certainty of destiny to inevitable ruin. Guard with more than vestal vigilance this wonderful gift of God. Keep it ever under the control of an enlightened reason and a pure conscience. Repress with the highest energy of your nature the first attempts of a corrupt creation. Suffer not this brightest star in the coronet of mind to shoot out into palpable and everlasting darkness. Let it move along the shining path of stainless virtue. Let it never wander amid the vile and shameless deserts, where no plant of truth or flower of purity grows or blooms. Heed the words which wisdom dictates and truth utters, and never follow the false light of a deceitful and wicked imagination.

While God has given to man this wonderful faculty, he has not left it to be perverted by evil influences. He has sought to cultivate it by all his sublime works. The vault of heaven from which

shines the magnificent orb of light by day, and on which are lighted up millions of blazing worlds by night, is well calculated to exalt and purify the imagination. So with the lofty mountains and far-stretching valleys, with babbling brooks and winding rivers, with the smooth and silvery lake and mighty ocean, with the tiny shrubs and vast forests—all are calculated to purify and exalt the imagination. If we would allow these works of the great Creator to exert their legitimate influence upon the imagination, it would rise and soar on pinions as strong as those that bear the angels, and pure as strong. It would indulge in no lewdness, and revel in no moral filth. It would employ no siren's voice to seduce, and no serpent's tongue to mislead. Its words would glow with purity, and its pictures be redolent of innocence.

Then there are influences, designed especially for this faculty, found along all the pages of Holy Writ. They abound in the wonderful history, the vivid narrations, the terrible miracles and awe-inspiring descriptions of Moses. They glitter like stars upon the brow of night in the poetry of Job, the visions of Daniel, the prophecies of Ezekiel, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, in the penitent tears and triumphant songs of David. The same influences

stream along the precepts, and promises, and inimitable parables, of the world's Redeemer. The life of Christ is itself a mystic hymn, abounding in glowing love and tender compassion, in earnest prayer and lofty praise. Let the imagination follow Him from the manger of Bethlehem to the cross of Calvary, and it cannot but be purified and ennobled.

In youth the imagination, like the other faculties, is most impressible. At this important period it is to receive an impulse which may determine its character through all coming time. It is on this account that I have given you this lesson. I desire to send forth a warning which may be heard by every young person in the land. You cannot watch too carefully, you cannot cultivate too vigilantly, this important faculty. It is so closely interwoven with the moral nature that you can always determine the character of the one by the creations of the other. I would, then, guard you against all the perils which beset the path of the young. Never indulge in day-dreams. They dissipate the mind, and render it unfit for the realities of life. They are often corrupt in their tendency, and ruinous in their results. Never associate with those whose wit or humor can start the imagina-

tion in a downward course. Remember that no texture is so delicate and so impressible as the youthful imagination. A word upon the ear, a picture to the eye, may so pervert the imagination as to make it the monster of crime and the source of unutterable woe. Let your associations be pure. As soon herd with the wild beasts as with those whose tongues are low and vulgar, and set on fire by the basest passions. The howl of the wolf and the hiss of the serpent are sweetest music compared with ribald jests and vulgar oaths. Listen rather to the scream of the panther, or the roar of the hungry lion, than to the licentious songs which come up from dens of infamy. Join with chattering monkeys in their senseless pranks rather than engage with the followers of Bacchus or Venus in their drunken and licentious orgies.

Read no bad books. The world abounds in low, licentious literature. Turn away from such trash. It is the poison of asps. It is the fountain of moral death. It is the assassin of character. A corrupt literature, under the guise of elegance, takes fast hold of the imagination, and literally enchains it. It vitiates the taste, corrupts the manners, and pollutes the morals. No language can express the infamy of that pen which draws salacious pictures,

that, through the imagination, the heart may be robbed of its virtues, and the bosom of its innocence, and the life of its beauty and happiness.

Employ the imagination on scenes of beauty and goodness, on the grandeur of Nature, the majesty of God, the mysteries of Providence, and the sublimity of Redemption. Here are fields sufficient to exhaust all your powers. Amid them you may live in innocence, unstained by even the beginnings of crime found in the first perversion of the youthful imagination. To these fields I invite you, and assure you that they will flourish in amaranthine beauty, while those that are stained by sin shall be blasted with eternal blight and mildew.

Read good books. Cling to the Book of books, the ever-blessed Bible. Link your imagination to sound principle and holy truth. Be pure. Let every work of the imagination be like its great Author. Let the basis on which it rests be the Rock of Ages, and the height to which it rises the eternal throne. Move with John along the abodes of the blessed, and witness the raptures of the redeemed. Worship God amid the songs which come pouring from sanctified lips on the other side. Ascend with Paul to the third heaven, and partake of the glories that gild the habitations of the just.

## NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

JESUS had spent the night in Bethany. This was a little village a short distance from Jerusalem. Jesus often staid there. It was not far from the Mount of Olives, where he often prayed during the whole night. It is possible that he may have been in the mount praying, and that he was returning to Jerusalem without his breakfast. Jesus was very poor. He was not as rich as the birds of the air. He had no house of his own to shelter him, and said himself that, in this respect, the wild foxes were better off than he was. After a night of wakefulness he was hungry. He saw a fig-tree by the road-side. It was covered with leaves. A fig-tree has the figs first, and the leaves afterward. As this tree had many full-grown leaves upon it, it ought to have had fruit also. Jesus went to the tree to get his humble breakfast. As man, he might not have known that the tree had no figs on it; as God, he knew every thing. It was the man that was hungry, and as man he might have expected to make his breakfast from the figs which

he would gather. At the same time he could rest awhile under the shade; but if he expected any figs, he was disappointed. The tree bore nothing but leaves. Jesus then said, "Let no fruit grow on thee forever." It was a fearful curse that he uttered. It was as though he had said, I command the clouds to send no more fruitful showers upon thee; I command the earth to dry up around thy roots, and to send no more sap along thy trunk and through thy branches; thou shalt wither; blight shall fall upon thee; thy leaves shall be dried up, and people shall wonder at the quickness with which all thy beauty shall depart. Jesus had never done so before. He did not come to curse, but to bless. He did not come to make things die, but to give life and joy to the world. Why, then, did he curse the barren fig-tree? He did it to leave you a lesson. You must bear fruit. You must have something more than leaves. God expects it. A boy that will not study his lessons, that never reads his Bible, that hates the Sunday-school, that learns no sweet songs, that commits to memory no verses of Scripture, is like the barren fig-tree. The boy that makes large promises, and breaks those promises as often as he makes them, bears nothing but leaves. Remember that the

fig-tree promised much, but when the Saviour asked for fruit it had no fruit to give. He could not satisfy his hunger with leaves. So if you make big promises, and break them, that will not satisfy the Saviour. He wants fruit. Let me show you what kind of fruit he asks you to give him. He wants faith. You must believe all he says. You must trust in him just as a child trusts in his mother. A mother says to her little boy, "Tom, my son, shut your eyes and open your mouth." Tommy does it. Why? Because he trusts his mother will put candy in his mouth. If it were a bad boy that said to him, Open your mouth and shut your eyes, Tommy would not do it, because he would fear that his mouth would be filled with pebbles, or something as bad. But he can trust his mother—he knows that she loves him—he is sure she will not put any thing that is bad in his mouth. Now, my children, that is faith. Jesus tells you to open your heart, and he will fill it with love. Trust him. He will help you. He will bless you. If the little boy would just open his heart to Jesus as he does his mouth to his mother, he would never be cursed for bearing nothing but leaves. Then you must bear love. Jesus deserves your love. He is full of love for you. He is so

pure, so good, that if you would only think of him as you ought, you would be sure to love him. Then he feeds you, and clothes you. He has given you kind parents and a sweet home. He gives you the Bible and the Sunday-school. He makes the sun shine for you, and the rain pours down for you. Then he has prepared heaven for you. Love him because he loves you. Then Jesus expects the fruit of obedience. You must not be wicked and wayward. He tells you to pray in secret. Do what he tells you to do. If I were a boy again, I would pray three times a day for Jesus to make me good. O it is the praying boy that Jesus loves! He will never pronounce a curse on the little boy or girl who constantly prays to him. If you want to bear fruit, pray. If you desire to be free from the awful doom which God brings upon the wicked, you must be sure to bear something more than leaves. Make no promises that you do not intend to keep.

In discussing the folly and crime of bearing nothing but leaves, I desire to present my young readers with an account of the first Methodist preacher I ever heard preach. He was the Rev. James Faris, but nearly everybody called him "Uncle

Jimmy." He was a frequent visitor in my father's house, when I was a small boy, and it was at the invitation of my father that he delivered, in a log school-house, the first sermon that I ever heard from the lips of a Methodist preacher. He was a man of large frame and commanding presence. His features were all large, and expressive of the genius of this wonderful man. His large Roman nose and large gray eyes, his black hair, hanging carelessly over his ample forehead, together with a well-formed mouth and chin of unusual dimensions, would impress even the casual observer that he was no ordinary man. Many of his sermons were on the grandest scale. His robust imagination moved on the strongest pinions, and pursued its tireless flight amid the most astonishing creations that ever startled an audience. Could his glowing figures have been pictured on canvas by the pencil of a West, they would have made his name immortal. His pictures were so vividly drawn as to appear like living realities. No panoramic scenes ever excited more interest, or elicited deeper feeling. Angels clothed in light and beauty, and redeemed spirits adorned with robes woven of the beams of the sun, seemed to encircle him as he swept in his loftiest and boldest flights

up to the throne of God. And then, when expectation was on tiptoe, and you wondered whither you would next direct his flight, charmed by the spotless throne, the circling rainbow, the songs of the redeemed, and, above all, by the presence and love of Him who sits upon the throne, he would with the blandest smile, and in the most simple and artless manner, assume a conversational tone, and say, "Lester, I will stay here; yes, right here by the throne, at the feet of my Jesus, forever." It is impossible to describe the electrical effect produced by such original and wonderful preaching. Probably no sermon in modern times—no sermon since the days of Whitefield—ever produced greater results than his on the barren fig-tree. He preached it often, and always with power. I never heard him on it but once—then I was but a boy, not more than twelve years of age. It was at a camp-meeting near Winchester, Tenn. He was then in the height of his glory. There were two points that impressed me so deeply that I have never forgotten them. The first was the faithful culture bestowed by the husbandman upon the fig-tree. He presented most strikingly the analogy between his care and culture of the fig-tree, and God's care and culture of the sinner. He then

stated that, after all other means fail, sometimes a barren fig-tree is made to bear fruit by being bored through the heart. Said he: "A few years ago I visited a kind friend who had a beautiful orchard. Among his trees was a plum, which had ceased to bear. He had applied every means of culture, and still it was barren. At last he learned this remedy. He had it bored through the heart. The next year I visited him again. Plums were ripe. I went to his barren tree. It was loaded with fruit. I plucked and ate from the tree as delicious fruit as I ever tasted. So it is often with sinners—they will not bear fruit till God bores them right through the heart." His eyes filled, the blood rushed to his usually pallid cheeks, and every lineament of his face was eloquent with deep emotion. With a most expressive gesture, and a voice full of earnest pathos, he exclaimed: "There they are—these fruitless trees in my Lord's vineyard! Bore them, my Lord! bore them through the heart; yes, through the heart, and they will be fruitless no more!" He then described the final doom of the impenitent—of him who, in spite of all culture, remained fruitless. You could see the woodman with his ax. He examines the ground and the tree, and determines which way it shall fall. You

hear the strokes of the ax as it is swung by the stalwart arm of the woodman. The tree trembles, quivers, cracks, and falls. Again the deepest emotion is seen depicted on his countenance. Terror seems to arouse him. He looks around with the most inquiring gaze, and exclaims: "Which way, my Lord, which way does the sinner fall? Hellward; yes, hellward. God have mercy!" The word hellward I had never heard before. I shall never forget how its frightful intonations fell on my ear, and moved my young heart. It is just as impossible to sketch the scene as to chain the lightning, or to picture the thunder-storm. Many were slain of the Lord.

Now, since I have told you of how Uncle Jimmy preached about the fig-tree, I will tell you how he once reproved two finely-dressed young preachers. He was preaching against fine dress, and was quite severe on the ladies for following extravagant fashions, and right here pretended that some lady in the congregation said, "Brother Faris, begin at home. Some of your *young preachers* are beginning to dress very fine." "No, no, sister, you are mistaken. Our preachers are all followers of Wesley, and never do dress fine." "But I tell you, Brother Faris, they are wearing fine

gold chains and costly dress, and some of them you could not distinguish from the veriest fop. Just look behind you in the pulpit, and see if I am not right." Uncle Jimmy looked behind him, where sat, blushing to their eyes, two finely-dressed young preachers. "Well, sister, I have not another word to say."

I have told you of this last sermon merely to show you what kind of a man Uncle Jimmy Faris was. I do not wish to turn you away from the fig-tree. God often compares man to a tree. A good man is like a good tree, producing the best of fruit. See to it, my children, that you bear something more than leaves. See to it, that you do not fall as a cumberer of the ground. See to it, that when the Son of man shall come seeking fruit, you shall bear it in clusters rich as the grapes of Eshcol, which Joshua and Caleb brought from the promised land.

# THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

*A SKETCH FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN.*

CHILDREN must not fight each other. God takes no pleasure in such. Look at that boy with a bloody nose and a black eye, and his finger almost bitten in two. He is what you call a bully. He has had a fight with a boy that used to be his best friend. They had a quarrel about a game of marbles. One called the other a liar, and they fell to, like two fierce dogs, and tried almost to kill each other. They both came off bloody and bruised. With such boys you would better not keep company. You will get into difficulties. You will always be in trouble. So, always keep out of company of fighting, quarrelsome boys. God is a God of love. Jesus is the Prince of Peace. The disciple whom Jesus loved most of all wrote, in his old age, "Little children, love one another." And yet you must fight—not with your fists, nor yet with clubs or knives. Your weapons must be spiritual—that is, in the mind, in the heart, in the will.

Our Saviour refers to this warfare when he says, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force." He does not mean that you are to force open the doors of the kingdom, and enter like a ruffian or a robber would enter your father's house to rob or murder. He means to say you are to resist the devil when he tempts you to do wrong. He means to say that when you are insulted, and your blood gets hot, and your mouth opens to say ugly words, and your fists double to strike, you are to shut up your mouth, and not say one wicked word; and that you are to let your hands hang down, and not deal a blow to the one that has made you angry. That is doing violence to your own bad temper. That is fighting against your own angry passions. The ancients had a beautiful fable which I will tell you, because it will help you to understand about this fight.

They said that there was a great general, named Ulysses, and that after the close of the war, which lasted ten years, he started home across the sea. He had command of the ship which had to sail along many dangerous places. It had to pass the island of the Sirens, which was the most dangerous of all. The Sirens were beautiful women that sung so sweetly as to entice sailors to land upon their

island, where they were sure to die. Never had mortals heard such sweet voices, never had they listened to such sweet music as those Sirens made. It was so sweet as to make all who heard it forget home and friends, and to fill them with the strongest desire to land on the island. They forgot all the dangers. They forgot that of the thousands that landed there, not one ever escaped. They forgot every thing but the music. They thought that if they could just land, and listen to those sweet voices, they would be forever happy. Ulysses knew all the dangers. He knew that if his sailors should once hear the music of the Sirens he could never pass the island. He was determined to pass there. He was a man, every inch of him—a strong man. He could say, "*No*," and stick to it. He could say, "*I will*," and it was done. He stopped the ears of all the sailors with wax, so that they could not hear a sound. They could not even hear the voice of their captain. Then he had himself tied fast to the mast of the ship, so that he could not land on the island, even if he should wish to do so. This was violence to himself, was it not? Soon they came near the island. The music swept over the waves; it fell on the ears of Ulysses; it filled him with delight.

"I must land," said he. He was crazy. The music charmed him, and overcame him, so that he was not himself. He called to the sailors, but their ears were stopped with wax, and they heard not a word. He tried to make signs, but his hands and his feet were tied fast to the mast of the ship. He could do nothing. The music became sweeter, and he tried hard to break his chains, but he could not. They kept him fast. So the music died away; the vessel moved swiftly over the waters; the island was passed; the sailors were safe; Ulysses was unbound; all were happy.

Now, what does the fable mean? It means that when the tempter comes to charm, we must stop our ears. It means that we are to fasten our passions to the mast of principle. Chain your passions—yes, chain them, my boys, and the Sirens may sing, and devils may tempt, but you are safe. Down with passions, down with appetite. Fight them, you young soldiers; fight them, conquer them. If appetite call you to eat what will make you sick, say, No; I will not eat that. If it lead you to drink what will make you drunk, do not touch a drop of it. This is fighting the good fight. If you are tempted to tell a lie, fight against it,

and tell the truth, cost what it may. If an angry word rise to your lips, press it down, and then speak a soft word, which always turns away anger. If you are tempted to be lazy, fight against it. A lazy boy will be a poor scholar, and will always stand at the foot of his class. It is industry that makes the man. Never be ashamed of work. Be ashamed to be idle. I love the active, working, studious boy or girl. Good old Lorenzo Dow used to say, "The idle man's brain is the devil's workshop." Surely there is not a boy or girl among us that wants the devil to make a workshop of his or her head. Keep busy. This is a working age. We must all work, or we shall get far behind. God works, and angels work. Would you be like them, then you must work. Fight like soldiers against laziness. Rise early; be diligent. Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. If you have a wicked tongue, fight against it; bridle it; keep it shut up in the prison which God made to guard it.

And now let me describe the army in which I wish you to fight. They are all dressed in a most beautiful uniform. The head is covered in a beautiful cap, called a helmet. It repre-

sents hope. It shines so brightly that darkness is always driven from the head that wears it. The soldier that wears it is always so sure of victory that he is ever bold and brave. Light falls from his helmet in the darkest hour. He never despairs. He is never gloomy, because this strange light from the helmet points him to a crown which he is sure to wear. A strong breastplate covers his bosom. It is like polished steel. The breastplate is emblematic of righteousness. His cause is just. Right principle protects him. The darts of the enemy cannot pierce his breastplate, for it is the same that guards the throne of God. His feet are protected by strong sandals. No stone can hurt them, no thorn can pierce them. The sandals represent peace. They teach the soldier that his warfare shall soon end in perfect peace. They seem to say to weary feet, Go on; you will soon ascend the last hill, and go through the last valley. While the heart is strong, and the head bright and hopeful, let the feet be cheerful and active.

These soldiers are all bearing in their left-hands, or on their left-arms, shields, strong and bright. They almost dazzle you, they shine so like polished brass in the blazing sunshine. The shield is the

emblem of faith. There is written or carved upon it, in burning letters, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." When a soldier doubts, then he begins to tremble—he turns coward, and runs from the battle. But these soldiers should never doubt. The victory is as certain as the cause is right. The shield is a perfect safeguard. Then, each has on a robe as white as snow, and fastened around by a shining girdle, which is the emblem of truth. Now they gather around a banner which floats aloft, and bears upon its folds a blood-red cross. The Captain gives to each a well-tried sword, which bears upon its blade the symbol of the Bible, the word of God. A shout arises from all the hosts as they receive the sword, and listen to the words of the glorious Commander. Such a Commander the world never saw. His head and his hairs are white like wool—as white as snow. He is girt with a golden girdle. His eyes are as a flame of fire. His feet are like fine brass, as though they burned in a furnace. As He moves along the lines a slimy serpent tries to get in His path. He places His foot upon his head, and while he writhes in death the hosts shout victory. He is the same that Isaiah saw coming from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in His ap-

parel, traveling in the greatness of His strength. He is the same that John saw with the stars in His right-hand. He is Jesus of Nazareth. Come, my children, join His army. Be soldiers for Christ. Fight the good fight of faith.

# JOSEPH.

## A MODEL YOUNG MAN.

I DESIRE to talk to you young people to-day about Joseph, the son of Jacob. I can remember well when I first read the history of Joseph, as it is given in the Bible. I was wonderfully interested. Though but a boy, I had begun the reading of my Bible through. When I got to Joseph, I could not rest until I had read all that related to him. I thought the Bible the most interesting book I had ever read—I think so still—and among the most beautiful stories in the good book are those that are told about Joseph. His father and mother were old when he was born. He was a beautiful and favorite boy. His father loved him too well. This excited the envy of his brothers, of whom there were ten besides Benjamin. They were all shepherds, and they would carry their flocks from one pasture-ground to another. Joseph, besides exciting their envy on account of his being the favorite of his father, had some wonderful dreams, which gave to his brothers great offense.

This caused them to determine upon his death. Now you must all get your Bibles, and read how strangely he was saved after he was thrown into the pit to starve to death; how he was sold as a slave; how a rich man named Potiphar bought him; how he lost his place by the wickedness of Mrs. Potiphar; how he was thrown into prison, and what strange dreams he explained to the butler and baker of the king; how this led to his being called upon to tell the meaning of the dreams of Pharaoh, king of Egypt; and how he was placed at the head of all the men that Pharaoh honored. Then I want you to read about the famine, and all about his brothers coming to buy corn from him—not knowing who he was—and how, at last, he made himself known to them. You will find it all in the first book of the Bible, and it will be more interesting to you than any novel.

My object in talking to you about Joseph is to show you what a good boy he was, and what a good man he became. He was not spoiled because his father loved him so much. It is a wonder that he was not. It is very apt to make a boy foolish and vain for his father to show that he loves him more than he does his brothers. But Joseph was not ruined even by his beautiful coat of many col-

ers, which his father gave him. He was modest and humble, even when tempted to be haughty and proud. His brothers hated him, but he did not hate them in return. He continued in the path of duty, the same noble boy, and was not turned out of the way by the too great fondness of his father, or the envy and hatred of his brothers. His strong character withstood the shocks of too great partiality on the one hand, and intense hatred on the other; that is, he remained firm, true, and consistent, in the midst of circumstances which would have caused most people to fall. He was no tattler, and yet he felt it his duty to tell his father some sins of which his brothers had been guilty. Now, on different occasions I have cautioned you against tattling and tale-bearing—it is an abominable habit. Joseph, acting from principle, told his father what he ought to know. He did it for the good of his brothers. He did it from a sense of duty, we may well believe. It was an unpleasant duty. It is always unpleasant to inform parents of the faults of their children. I have known it to make both parents and children the enemies of the one who, from the purest motives, gave information which ought to have been given to the parents. Upright, good men, often shrink from

such a painful duty. I know, from painful experience, what a trial it is, and yet it is often a duty that pure love to both parents and children dictates. The highest interests of the child can be met only by the father when he knows the faults of his children.

"Brother," said a Sabbath-school superintendent to a most devoted father, "your son Tommy behaved very badly at church last Sunday." Now, Tommy was a bright, beautiful boy, and was the pride of his father. The information mortified the father very much, but it did not offend him with the good superintendent. "I thank you," said he, "for telling me. I will see Tommy, and correct him for such conduct. He knows that I do not allow it." Now this was right, and was creditable to both the superintendent and the father of Tommy. Tommy is now a noble man, and never misbehaves at church. This, as I understand the character of Joseph, was the very motive that prompted him, at the early age of seventeen years, to bring the evil report to his father.

Joseph had perfect control of his temper. He never showed anger. He did not retaliate when his brothers abused him. He was always patient. They ridiculed him; they threatened to kill him;

they threw him into a pit; they cruelly sold him as a slave; they tore his beautiful coat off his back, and bid him go; and under all this he manifested no bad temper. He was cruelly treated by the wicked wife of Potiphar. She abused him; she told her husband a tale that had in it not a word of truth; she had him deprived of his place as steward, and thrown into prison; and Joseph was patient under all this. Innocent as a babe, he was as patient as he was innocent. He bore all without a murmur. He went from the palace to the prison as quietly as he had gone from the sheepfold to his father's house.

Joseph was pure. He would never have read the wicked, yellow-back novels that some boys love to read. He spoke no vulgar word. He was free from low, vulgar conduct. Among the faithless, he was faithful. Among the licentious, he was chaste in thought, and word, and deed. Alas, what a crime is impurity! It is too of such a nature that delicacy often prevents the minister or the teacher from referring to it. But the blessed Saviour spoke against it as a crime of the deepest dye. An impure thought was condemned by him as a violation of the seventh commandment. It is the solemn duty of the young to flee from the

thought that can corrupt, from the conversation that can tempt, from the reading that can lead astray, the pictures that can excite unholy feelings, and from every influence that can lessen regard for virtue. Corrupt the imagination, and arouse the passions of the young by pictures of vulgarity, either real or imaginary, and the path to ruin is opened amid scenes too loathsome to describe, and yet too tempting to be resisted, except by the purest principles and the strongest resolution. Impurity makes man a brute, and it sinks woman to the lowest place on earth—where the decent cannot go, and where little else than fiends do assemble. Be like Joseph. Resist temptation. Avoid bad company. Do not look upon pictures of vice. Read no bad books. Keep company with the good. Let your reading be governed by the purest taste; and, above all, pray to God to keep you from influences that will certainly ruin both soul and body.

Joseph was industrious. He was never an idler. He never yielded to sloth. In watching his father's flocks, in attending to the duties of a slave in the house of Pharaoh, in obeying the stern jailer, and finally, in attending to the affairs of all Egypt, he was always diligent and faithful in

the discharge of duty. He was always at his post. He never wasted his time when he was in adversity by murmurings and foolish complainings, and when prosperous he was equally free from the pursuit of pleasure. He would never have risen to be greater than the king but for his industry. Idleness lives in filth and foulness. It flourishes on ignorance and brutality. It is the mother of prejudice, pride, and folly. It stops improvement, and ruins all progress. Never be idle. Joseph was a worker. What his hands found to do he did with all his might. And let me ask you just to think what his untiring industry accomplished. It made him the greatest man of his day. It saved Egypt from waste and ruin during seven years of pinching famine. So will it save you from poverty, and the country from famine. Joseph was generous. He was not a man to indulge in petty revenge. He at first affected to be a little harsh with his brothers, and all the time his soul was overflowing with the most generous emotions; and when at last he was appealed to by the simple, touching eloquence of Judah, the very fountain of his feelings was broken up. His noble, tender, generous soul showed itself in a flood of tears. He could govern his feelings no longer.

"I am Joseph, your brother. Come near to me, I pray you. Doth my father yet live?" That strong man wept, and wept aloud, because of those deep and generous feelings that had remained pure amid all the changes of his life. Now, can you be like Joseph in this? If your brother or sister does you harm, can you forgive and forget? Can you love on, love ever? Joseph loved his father. He never became ashamed of the old man, though he had got far above him. Some foolish men become ashamed that they were born of poor parents. Not so with Joseph. He was not ashamed to let the great king know that he was the son of a humble shepherd. Never did filial devotion shine out more beautifully than in the life of Joseph.

Honor your parents, children, by every word and act of your lives. You can never repay them for their kindness and love to you.

But, above all, Joseph had faith in God. He trusted in him as the Author of all his good. In the pit, in slavery, in prison, his holy trust in Divine Providence never faltered. Now, then, take Joseph as your model. Be strong in resolution, generous in feeling, pure in conduct, respectful to your parents, and pious to God. Be this, and a brighter than Egypt's crown will be yours.

# THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN.

## A MODEL FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

"If I perish, I perish." Esther iv. 16.

THESE words were uttered by Esther, the wife of Ahasuerus, after the decree had gone forth to destroy all the Jews in the one hundred and twenty-seven provinces of Media and Persia, and after she had been urged by Mordecai to use her influence with the king to prevent the carrying out of the bloody edict. It was death, by the immutable laws of Media and Persia, for any one to enter unbidden in the presence of the king. Esther hesitated, and Mordecai said, "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed; and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" These words determined the noble woman. She called upon her people to fast and pray, and said, "So will I go in unto the king, which is not according to law; and if I perish, I perish." The

words indicate, first, a deep sense of individual responsibility. Responsibility always varies with the relations and circumstances of the individual. The responsibility of the adult is always greater than that of the child; of the educated, greater than that of the uneducated; of the wife and mother, much greater than that of the maiden. Esther was no longer a humble Jewish maiden. She was a queen. Her position largely increased her responsibility. She alone of all the people of Israel might cause a revocation of the decree which had spread such dismay among all the Jews in the kingdom. The responsibility could not be evaded—it could not be transferred to another. She felt, with all the intensity of her woman's nature, the delicacy of her position, the peril of her people, and the fearful responsibility which had been laid upon her in reference to the salvation of Israel.

The words involve the exercise of the most heroic courage. Esther was a modest, timid woman. She was utterly unequal to the exhibition of physical courage. She could not have been a Semiramis or a Joan of Arc. She could not have led battling hosts to slaughter and to victory. Her courage was moral, not physical. It was evoked

by the perils of her people; it was sustained by their prayers. She passed through a terrible conflict. Her great soul was agitated to its depths. Vashti forsaken, neglected, divorced, was a fearful example of the wrath of her husband. One queen had been driven from the palace, and banished from his heart, for refusing to come when invited by the king; the other periled her life by going in his presence unbidden. It required courage to meet such danger. She was equal to the occasion. Like Luther, who, when dissuaded by his friends from going into the royal presence, and in the face of papal power and wrath, said, "I would go, though the devils were as numerous as the tiles upon the houses," this woman said, "I go; and if I perish, I perish."

The words indicate inflexible determination. She had counted the cost. A high resolve was in her heart. She arose to the full height demanded by the occasion. Firm as the rocks upon which she built her hopes, unmoved by danger, and unfaltering in the midst of perils, she went forward to her noble task with a calmness and self-possession which must have astonished herself. It is so with woman. Often, in the midst of danger, she alone retains perfect self-command. Among the

most unfaltering of the Christian martyrs were modest, timid maidens, or noble matrons. They met death by fire, or by crucifixion, or by hungry wild beasts, with a firmness so unflinching as to produce astonishment and win admiration even from their enemies. It has become a proverb that woman's strength of character caused her to be the last to leave the cross, and the first to visit the grave, of the world's Redeemer. It was almost a paradox that one possessed of masculine energy, that one naturally of so delicate organization, could have presented to the world so sublime an example of heroic courage and unshaken determination as was presented by this timid Jewess queen. Mild, but firm, gentle, but brave, was this beautiful queen, whose sublime words have rarely been equaled in the history of poetry and eloquence.

The words, together with the accompanying history, imply an earnest trust in the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob. She belonged to a race which had been the especial objects of divine care. They had been delivered from the bondage of Egypt by a train of miracles the most splendid in the history of God's dealing with man. She had called upon her people to fast. She herself had fasted. Mordecai had urged her to the work, be-

cause God had placed her in the kingdom for that very purpose. These are, then, not the words of despair, but rather of humble yet strong confidence that God would humble the proud and exalt the lowly, and save his people.

While the words indicated that success must be the result of a mission undertaken with such a spirit, the history is a beautiful and poetical record that Esther triumphed, and her people were delivered. They were scattered over the vast empire. The edict came with stunning effect upon them that they were all to die—not one was to be spared. To them the heavens seemed hung in black, and the earth was covered with a pall of gloom. The cloud had no silver lining. The law was irrevocable. They were powerless to resist the terrible force. The land was filled with mourning. A wail of despair was heard through all its borders. No age, nor sex, nor condition, was to be spared. Youth and beauty, age and worth, men and women, were alike the victims of an edict as cruel as it was malignant and universal. The unbridled ambition of a spoiled minister was to be gratified by the sacrifice of an entire race.

Suddenly there was a change. The edict was revoked. The queen had been successful. Alone

she went into the presence of the king. Her heart throbbed with strange emotions as she found herself unbidden, and against the law, in his presence. Her hour had come. Her destiny and the doom lay upon that one moment. The extending of the scepter would be the signal of her triumph—its being withheld would be her ruin. Pale, trustful, determined, she moved forward. Her presence was known. The heart of the king moved with compassion. The scepter was held out, and she was safe. Then there was joy in the land. Never before had such shouts of praise gone up from an entire people. Their noble queen had turned away the poison from their lips. They were saved from utter destruction. Night never hung its starry curtain over a happier people, and day never shed its splendor upon a more grateful people than were the Jews upon the reception of the tidings so unexpected and so joyous.

The whole history shows the influence of a good woman in a noble cause. When woman is confined to the sphere for which God designed her, shedding the light of a beautiful example upon the domestic circle, pleading for the poor and condemned, ministering to want and woe, and being in

all respects a helpmeet for man, no language can describe the influence of which she is the center. The unselfish, prudent, devoted wife; the patient, pious, loving mother; the sweet, gentle sister; the pure, modest, affectionate daughter—are ever exerting an influence upon the rugged heart of man as soft as the dew upon the mown grass, as silent as the great principle of gravitation, and as powerful as it is silent and gentle. No other person than Esther could have influenced the king to revoke a law of the Medes and Persians. She alone could turn away the tide of desolation which threatened to sweep an entire people from the face of the earth. She alone could hush the storm whose distant mutterings were heard with keenest anguish by every child of Abraham. So it ever is, so it ever will be, with a good woman. She can do more to correct the faults of a man, to hush the storms of passion, to curb a mad ambition, and more to lead man to truth, justice, purity, and benevolence, than any other merely human influence. In the quiet of her home, with a modesty which shrinks from observation, with a purity unstained by a contact with the corrupt passions of the world, and with a consistency unmarred by its fashions and maxims, a good woman consecrates herself to

the good of her race. The son feels her influence ever present, and ever restraining him in his wildest moments; the husband feels it, and is attracted by it from scenes of revelry and mirth to the home of grace and purity. It permeates society with the mildness of spring and the gentleness of the zephyr.

The history contained in the Book of Esther illustrates in a most striking manner the words of the great Teacher: "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Haman exalted himself most wickedly and cruelly, and was brought to destruction. Mordecai, the Jew, humbled himself, and was exalted.

The success accomplished by the effort of Esther, preceded by the humiliation and fasting of her entire people, shows that God will ever be attentive to the prayers of the faithful. He had said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Wonderfully was this promise fulfilled. Throughout the one hundred and twenty-seven provinces there was fasting among the only true worshipers of the living God. Prayer went up from every altar; it was uttered by youthful lips, and it trembled on lips of age. It was not uttered in vain. It moved Him who restrains the wrath of kings. It was heard by Him who wheels

His throne upon the rolling worlds. He heard in heaven; He answered upon earth. As God ever hears prayer, he never fails his people in the hour of darkness. He utters his voice, and the strong hearts of kings are melted. Though thought be broken, language lame, the prayer of the humble, trusting heart is ever heard and ever answered. The doctrine of special providence is beautifully taught and forcibly illustrated in the Book of Esther. Though the name of God is not found in the book, the finger of God pervades the entire history. God is in providence directing events and governing issues. He makes even the wrath of man to praise him. Mysterious, universal, all-pervading, and yet particular, the providence of God affords the good man protection and comfort which he would derive from no other source.

And now who, after reading this beautiful historical poem, will not pronounce the literature of the Bible to belong to the highest order? Its poetry is varied, original, and sublime, abounding in the highest epic and dramatic interest, and in the most vivid descriptions. One while it utters a wail sad as a funeral dirge, then it bursts forth in songs of wildest joy. The Bible is not only the book of religion for the world, but it is a book of

literature which, for freshness, beauty, and elegance, has no rival. It is the fountain from which such minds as Milton and Shakespeare drank the deepest draughts. It has fired the imagination of the painter, guided the chisel of the sculptor, and touched the lips of the orator with hallowed fire. Arousing the genius of the musical composer, it has given to the world the greatest oratorios that ever gratified the imagination or pleased the taste.

From this entire discussion we have two practical reflections. The first is, that by a beautiful contrast we are encouraged, as helpless sinners, to go to God for peace and pardon. Esther went alone, and to a harsh king; and with the words, "If I perish, I perish," she obtained her request, and saw her people again happy. We go not alone before the throne to the Father: Jesus is our Advocate, and accompanies us with an appeal so tender, so eloquent, that the Father is sure to hear, to answer, and to save. No sinner ever thus approaching was spurned from the throne. With Jesus as our Advocate, and the holy angels, and redeemed spirits, and all the good on earth to accompany us, we are sure of success at the mercy-seat. Be encouraged, then, to go at once to the cross, and bathing it with tears of penitence, and

humbling yourself at its foot, you will be exalted to the skies.

One more practical reflection is this: Do not utter these words in any light and trifling manner. Do not say, "Well, I must go on in sin; and if I perish, I perish with thousands of others." No, no, my friend, do not peril the interest of eternity thus. Turn to God with high resolve, and turn this moment. Your hour may now be come. Avail yourself of this offer of mercy, and be saved by grace. Let nothing prevent your immediate and entire consecration to God. He will accept you, and bestow upon you a heritage whose richness surpasses all the wealth of the world, and whose continuance is commensurate with eternity.

# TEMPTATIONS, AND HOW TO CONQUER THEM.

AS an old sailor upon life's ocean, I desire to point the young mariner to the dangers of the voyage. As an old soldier of the cross, I hope to sound the alarm in such manner as to arouse every young man that reads these appeals to a sense of danger, and to an appreciation of duty. As an old teacher of young men, I trust that I may win to the pursuit of virtue many a young man who is in real danger of being overcome by the temptations which beset the path of life almost from the cradle to the grave. Will my young countrymen listen to these counsels, dictated as they are by the warmest affection, and resulting as they do from long and varied experience, and extensive observation?

In this lesson I desire to call your attention to the sources of temptation, and to the means of resistance—such as may assure victory.

Temptations are always solicitations to sin. They are from without and from within, and they come

from the spiritual and the material, from the animate and inanimate.

1. We do not doubt that Satan offers temptations to all that are accessible to him. He is a great destroyer. Subtle to an extent almost beyond conception, he adapts himself to the weaknesses of human nature, and lays his snares in such manner as to be most certain to secure his prey. Active, he plies his terrible vocation without wasting one moment in indolence, or in pursuit of any other object than the ruin of souls. Malignant, he stops at nothing which he thinks will enable him to carry out his bad designs. Were his cunning employed in behalf of virtue, it would be the most consummate wisdom. Were his energy put forth to save men, he would be an example of all the angels of God. Were his malignity to God and man turned by some mysterious power to love, he would shine as a star of the first magnitude in the moral firmament. Miserable himself, he seeks to carry misery throughout the creation of God. Corrupt in every principle, he scatters the seeds of death along all the paths of human life. False in every possible way, he practices every form of deception, and assumes every possible shape, that he may compass his unholy ends. He is ever on the

alert to increase his influence and extend his dominions. He lurks amid scenes and associations in which his presence would be least suspected. He not only holds high carnival in the drinking-saloon and in the gambling-hell, but he obtrudes himself into the Church, and seeks to pervert the truth, or destroy its influence. He assails the minister of God, and tries to place falsehood on his lips and hypocrisy in his heart. He would turn a John or a Paul into a Judas Iscariot, and cause a fresh betrayal of the Son of God. He comes in the incense of flattery, and would arouse an ambition which caters to the most vitiated taste, and seeks popularity at the expense of immortal souls. He enters the domestic circle, and leads to jealousy, strife, and death. He attacks all the social relations, and often weakens the bonds by which they are united. With all his own great but perverted powers, and with many emissaries ready to do his bidding, he carries on perpetual warfare upon all principles, institutions, angels, and men, that seek the good of the universe, or the glory of God. With an effrontery which claimed allegiance, and even wanted worship, from the Son of God, he endeavors to usurp the place of the Almighty in

all his vast dominions. Plausible in his arguments, shrewd in his suggestions, and utterly reckless in his promises, he excites impulses and arouses passions as dangerous as they are sinful. Proteus-like, he can become an angel of light, if by this means he can lead one soul to ruin. In all this his arts are as deceitful as they are decoying and destructive. With untiring energy he plies them wherever his sleepless vigilance and restless activity may find a proper subject, or a suitable opportunity.

2. We are often tempted by wicked men. These are often willing slaves of a vile and exacting master. They tempt by the flowers of rhetoric and the charms of poetry; by exciting fiction, licentious narrative, and salacious description; by obscene speech and lascivious look. They scorn the Deity, and insult his authority. They reject the Bible as a book of fables, proclaim Christ as an impostor, and denounce Christianity as a vile superstition. They allure to the scene of debauch, and hush the voice of conscience amid its excitements. They employ the pencil and chisel to give attraction to vice, and lessen the restraints of virtue. They fawn, and flatter, and sing, and dance, and plead, and urge, until principle gives

way, purity is debauched, passion rules the hour, and the dance of death begins. Wit and humor, genius and learning, rank and position, wealth and power, have all been employed to corrupt the pure, allure the good, entice the innocent, and entrap the unsuspecting. Thus man has lent himself the willing slave of Satan, when he should have been God's freeman. The licentious wretch has, by vivid and overwrought pictures of lascivious pleasures, so aroused the imagination and inflamed the passions of the young as to lead them to indulge in a course of conduct at once dishonoring to God, disgraceful to human nature, and degrading to themselves. The worshiper of Bacchus has presented in cut-glass goblets the sparkling beverage which has darkened so many lives, blighted so many homes, and tempted so many to ruin.

3. Temptations often arise in the human heart. The instinctive desire of owning, unless properly restrained, will lead to covetousness. The desire to own is constitutional, natural, and innocent. It needs to be constantly watched, and properly disciplined, or it will not merely tempt to covetousness, but it will degenerate into it. Every man has a desire for happiness. This is innocent in

itself, and was implanted for the wisest purposes. It may be made a high motive for virtuous action. Unless it is, however, under proper regulation, it will surely solicit to selfish and unworthy gratification. Appetite often craves satiety in a manner condemned both by reason and revelation. Ambition tempts to falsehood and trickery, or to usurpation and cruelty. The desire of ease may tempt to indolence. Pride and vanity may tempt to blasphemy, and to the exaltation of self in the place of God. So among all the impulsive passions of human nature, there is barely one which, under misdirection and evil influence, may not lead to sin. Life is indeed a battle. From its beginning to its close it is beset with temptations. A book, a picture, a word, a look, a sneer, a gesture, may tempt to wrong. From within and without, in solitude and in society, when employed and when idle, temptations may arise, and if yielded to, will place us under a yoke from which no human power can ever release us.

I come now to consider the means by which temptation may be overcome. First, we must have a fixed aim — a settled purpose to do the right. The path of duty is often through dangers

and difficulties. It is like the ascent of Alpine heights. It is up the steepest acclivities and over deep chasms. It is fearfully rugged, and demands lofty courage, indomitable energy and perseverance. Frowning cliffs must not appall us, and deep chasms must not frighten us. The roar of mountain torrents, angry and swift, must not turn us from the path of duty. We must push our way over snow and ice, over abrupt precipices and perpendicular heights, until we reach our goal. No man with faltering nerve, or quailing courage, or wavering will, can conquer temptation. No cowardly man can resist the tide of evil influence—the avalanche of temptations which sweep along every path of human life. A man may have towering genius, and glowing imagination; he may boast of a proud ancestry, and vast wealth; he may have elegant manners, and deep and tender sympathies; but without the power to say "No," he will be borne along the flood of evils until he sinks beneath the wave to rise no more. Many a young man has been brought up by pious parents amid the purest associations of a well-ordered home. He has come to the city with tearful eyes looking after him, and anxious, loving hearts throbbing for him. He faltered at the

threshold. He failed to declare himself a Christian. He hesitated when solicited to do wrong. He blushed when the sneer of the tempter expressed contempt for his hesitancy. The path of duty became too rugged. He frequented haunts of pleasure. He plunged into extravagance. He fell into the hands of sharpers. He became embarrassed by debt. At last a false entry is made, a forgery is committed, crime is perpetrated, and the poor young man is ingulfed in irretrievable ruin. He had no settled purpose, no fixed principles, no lofty aim, and consequently was without moral power to say "No" to the solicitations of the tempter.

It was my privilege, a few years ago, to become acquainted with the character of one whose sun set at noon because he had no strength of will. He was a genius of the highest order. He wrote the most beautiful poetry. He swayed multitudes by the most commanding and powerful eloquence. He stood in the front rank of popular orators. At the bar and at the hustings he commanded an influence rarely equaled by one of his age. He possessed many of the noblest qualities. He was brave, and chivalrous, and generous, and warm-hearted. His wit and humor seemed inexhaust-

ible, and made him the life of the social circle. He was the idol of his party, and was regarded as the peer of the ablest statesmen. And yet his life was a failure. He yielded to temptation. He mingled in the lowest society. He frequented the most disgusting dens of infamy. With suicidal folly he quenched the light of his own great intellect amid the flames of alcohol. And he that might have walked the earth a Clay or a Webster, or might have enlightened the Church with the genius of a Bascom, or might have adorned it with a minstrelsy as sweet as that of Watts or Charles Wesley, buried all in the cell of a maniac, and died with all the powers of a mighty intellect dethroned.

Let me then urge you, my young readers, to have a fixed purpose. Let your aim be high. Look to it with an eye that never winks, a resolution that never wavers. Pursue the one great aim of life with an integrity which nothing can corrupt, and a firmness which no temptation can weaken.

2. You must shun the first evil influence; you must avoid the first false step. It is the first false step that ruins. Cæsar paused at the brink of the Rubicon. It was but for a moment. The step

was taken, the plunge was made, the die was cast. Rome lost her liberty, and the great captain fell the victim of an unbridled ambition. So it has been with thousands. They have paused but for a moment at the brink of the moral Rubicon which separated them from forbidden fields. They have made the plunge, and ruin has followed. A dissolute life is sure to end in ruin. The warning comes from every quarter. A premature grave opens for all the votaries of appetite and passion. Seduction ends in misery. Moderate drinking terminates in drunkenness. Gambling finishes its miserable career in degradation and hell. And still the brothel is crowded, the gambling-hell is thronged, and the drinking-saloon counts its patrons by the thousand. It is the first false step that breaks through the restraint of virtue, and makes the surrender to vice complete and perpetual. That step never taken, the surrender is never made. I do not say it will be impossible to retrace that step, to overcome an evil habit; but I do say it will be much easier not to begin an evil course than to turn from it when once begun. It must be easier for the bird not to enter the snare of the fowler than to release itself after it has been caught. Even if the first step in

sin could be retraced, its consequences could never be recalled—they must remain forever.

A few years ago an old man was seen in the midst of the congregation of the Lord. It was in the balmy month of May. The weather was delightfully mild and pleasant. The old man was closely enveloped in the habiliments of winter. His head was covered to prevent the soft breath of spring from freezing his blood and chilling his brain. His nerves were shattered, and his constitution gone. For fifty years he had been a penitent invalid. In life's young day he had been solicited to do wrong. He was in the midst of mirth and gayety. The voluptuous strains of music came over him like the voice of the siren. The charms of the still more voluptuous dance entranced him. He yielded. A life of dissipation was followed by the prodigal's return. He vainly hoped he might be as he once was. But no—this hope was never to be realized. He spent his after-life in vain regrets and fruitless mourning over hopes blasted forever.

3. Think, I beseech you, young men, over the consequences of yielding to temptation. The way of the transgressor is hard. The consequences of sin are appalling. They are seen in every blighted

leaf and withered flower. They are witnessed in the storm and earthquake, in pestilence and famine, and in all the terrible calamities of war. Just gaze for one moment on the fearful triumphs of death. They fill the land with mourning. They stain the soil with blood. Death stretches a scepter over all the earth. He reigns from pole to pole, and no one disputes his sway. He is the universal reaper. The whole world is his field. He waits not for the harvest. All times are his. Prattling infancy and decaying age, stalwart youth and robust manhood, have alike to yield to his touch. He visits the halls of mirth, and the music is hushed, and the dance ceases. He visits the palace, and it is hung in mourning. He enters the cottage, and loud lamentations are heard. At his command ambition looses its hold of power, and covetousness relaxes its grasp of wealth. At his touch beauty fades, the eye is lusterless, and the lips are silent. All times, all people, all seasons, are his; and come when he will, the unwilling victim must yield to a power from which there can be no escape. And death is the sad consequence of yielding to temptation. That first sin seemed a small affair; it was only disobeying God in one little thing; but its consequences have

been felt through all the ages. They are seen in every tear, and heard in every sigh. The first wails of infancy, and the last groans of age, alike testify to the fearful consequences of sin. Had temptation been resisted, Eden had still bloomed, and death and misery been unknown. Think of this, ye tempted ones, and flee from the destroyer. These consequences flow on forever. One false step streams with an influence which sweeps like the terrible cyclone, and breaks to shreds all human hopes.

4. At last temptation is to be overcome by earnest prayer. Let the tempted shut out the world, and get alone with God in prayer. Like Jacob on the banks of the Jabbok, let them wrestle with the angel of the covenant until victory is gained by surrender; like Paul in the deep, pray until the storm is hushed, and land is reached; like Paul and Silas in prison, pray until the voice of prayer itself is hushed in anthems of praise. I admit the power of fixed purpose, of wise counsel, of holy sympathy. I feel the force of all that I have said as to shunning the first step, and of never even starting toward the Rubicon; and so I feel that contemplation on the dire consequences of sin must deter from crime. But at last, young

men, there is more strength in the support of God's almighty hand than in all else besides. Prayer gives the strength of Him who rules the world. It throws around you the almighty arms, and you cannot fall. It drives away the tempter, and places you on the road. It will make you as strong as Elijah when he overcame the prophets of Baal, and victorious as Daniel when prayer shut the mouths of the lions. It will put to flight your enemies, as the sword of the Lord and of Gideon put to flight the enemies of Israel. It imparts the force of truth, the energy of right, the courage of innocence, and the power of omnipotence, to human weakness, and assures a victory whose jubilant shout shall mingle forever with the song of redemption.

Sustained by the purity of incorruptible principle, and the power of our holy religion, and casting yourselves upon the Lord, go forward in his great might, until the last temptation yields, and the last foe is conquered. Oppose all wrong; raise your standard high; stand firm to your colors; be true to God and yourself; and when your battle is fought, you shall swell the mighty throng of victorious Christian warriors, whose triumphant shout is already heard on the other shore.

# DANIEL.

## A MODEL STATESMAN.

I FEEL, as I am talking to these boys and young men of this land of ours, that there are those who might some day occupy high positions in society. Some will have to make the laws. They will be members of the Legislature or of Congress. Others will be judges of our courts, and others still may be in the mansion of the governor as the rulers of the State. I therefore wish to present to you Daniel as a model for a statesman.

Politics are not favorable to piety. They beget rivalries and animosities which are very unfavorable to the development of an exalted Christian character. Still we must have government, as without it civilization could not exist, and there would be no security to either life or property. Anarchy is ruinous to all progress, and destructive of all virtue. We must have statesmen and jurists to enact, adjudicate, and execute the laws. Without such officers government could not exist. So, then, it may become the duty of a Christian

man to occupy high public positions. It may be required of him to be a judge or a legislator, a president or a king. Such a man wants a model, and I propose to present the character of Daniel as a model statesman.

Daniel was of noble parentage. He had regal blood flowing in his veins. At about the age of twenty he was carried away captive to Babylon. The remainder of his life was spent in captivity. His high birth and splendid attainments caused him to be placed in the court of Nebuchadnezzar.

The court was exceedingly corrupt; licentiousness prevailed; intemperance and lust degraded the monarch, and enslaved the members of his court; gluttony and drunkenness disqualified men in high places for the performance of their duties. In the midst of this universal corruption, Daniel remained pure. He did not surrender himself as the slave of appetite; he was neither a drunkard nor a glutton; he turned away from the richest luxuries and costliest viands, and partook of the simplest food. No member of a total abstinence society, no devoted Son of Temperance, ever surpassed him in abstemiousness. He ignored fashions; he rose superior to his surroundings; he resisted temptation; he practiced self-denial, and

closed his ears to the seductive songs of the siren, and listened not to the voice of the charmer, "charm he never so sweetly." With what ineffable beauty does this trait in the character of Daniel present itself for the admiration of the modern statesman! He rises and stands firm in the strength of a noble manhood, where thousands fall down—down to the level of the brute. Amid loud and repeated calls of appetite and passion he asserts the dignity and supremacy of his moral nature. As the mariner shows the coolest courage, the highest resolve, and the sublimest devotion to duty, only when the storm sweeps the ocean with the greatest violence, so did Daniel exhibit the highest attributes of manhood when the storm of passion was sweeping to ruin the entire society of which he was a member.

There is a period in the life of every man which may become sublime. That period is when virtue is maintained without stain or blot in the midst of temptation. As the fortress never shows its full strength until the assault is made, so virtue never exhibits its sublime nature except when resisting attack and marching bravely forward with robes unstained in the midst of almost universal corruption. Daniel was tempted: the viands smoking

from the king's table were offered him. Luxuries of every variety and degree of richness were sternly refused by him, from a most religious sense of duty. Have we such statesmen now? How many bright intellects have been stultified by intemperance! It is the crime of the great. The English premier and the American senator worship at the same shrine, and fall into the same pit. The flag of the country is disgraced by drunken generals, and the national escutcheon is polluted by drunken congressmen. It palsies the tongue of the orator, or makes it utter the incoherent words of driveling idiocy. It makes its victim unwise in counsel, and imprudent in action. It unfits him for life's duties, and disqualifies him for its fearful responsibilities. It hushes the voice of conscience amid the storm of passion which it arouses. It destroys every noble purpose, and represses every lofty aspiration. Our country has given to the world some noble specimens of men, who were great in statesmanship, and free from the taint of intemperance. Such a man was Lewis Cass, and such was John C. Calhoun; such were Gov. Collier of Alabama, and Gov. Campbell of Tennessee, and many others we might mention; for we do not say all our statesmen are given to appetite.

As a man of rigid temperance, Daniel never had a superior, seldom an equal.

Daniel in far-reaching sagacity was also a model statesman — so wise in counsel that he was the prime minister to three successive monarchs. They could not do without him. Belonging to a captive race, and professing a different form of religion, he was still sought after as almost infallible in counsel. To a statesman wisdom is indispensable. He must be able to devise plans and put in operation agencies which shall tell for generations to the good of the people. The science of government is so occult, and the influence of causes so difficult to determine, that he must indeed be a wise man who would always add to the glory of a nation, and increase its prosperity and happiness by his statesmanship. One false step, one unwise law, one impolitic scheme, one wild experiment, may destroy the most beautiful fabric of government ever reared by the skill and patriotism of man. Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes because an excellent spirit was in him. He was faithful; neither was there any error or fault in him. Such is the testimony of the presidents and princes of his day. His task was a most delicate and difficult one. Himself a Jew, and his

subjects Jews, Babylonians, Medes, and Persians, he had to adapt his laws to the mingled population of this vast empire. And yet he committed no error in judgment, and was guilty of no fault or injustice in his administration. He must have had administrative ability of the highest order to force this unwilling compliment from his enemies. This compliment came too when they were seeking his ruin. Inflexible justice, considerate kindness to the poor, an unfaltering fidelity to all, were characteristics of this prince of statesmen.

He threw around his hundred provinces the girdle of justice, and bound them to him by a noble philanthropy. He looked far into the future, and gave to his sovereigns counsel that would have saved them from ruin. He was faithful. He looked to the honor of his monarch and the good of his people. He faltered not in the discharge of duty, however unpleasant to himself, or unpalatable to the king. He was no sycophant. "He did not bow the supple hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning." He did not cater to the vicious taste of a wicked ruler. He did not cry peace when there was no peace. He was no man-worshiper. He exposed the faults and point-

ed out the doom of an ungodly monarch. He interpreted the dream, though it might foretell disaster; he read the flaming, mystic characters upon the plastered wall, though they struck the licentious Belshazzar dumb with fright.

Daniel was brave. Even when danger and calamity came, he was calm and self-poised. He was a stranger to fear. When the palace was filled with alarm, when astrologers and magicians were stricken with terror in the presence of the mysterious handwriting along the wall, when the Medes and Persians came rushing like a storm on the devoted city, when terror and dismay filled the hearts of all within the great and wealthy city of Babylon, then it was Daniel stood calm, and brave, and firm, exciting the admiration of the mighty conqueror, and winning at once his confidence. Then, when the conqueror had cruelly sentenced him to be devoured by the hungry lions, he met his fate like a man whom the most terrible beasts of prey could not alarm, nor devils themselves inspire with dread.

Above all, and more than all that we have said of Daniel, he was a humble servant of the living God. He was a man of prayer; he held constant and close communion with his Heavenly Father.

He was devoted to the fear of the Lord when all around was idolatrous. He gave himself to prayer when by doing so he disobeyed his prince, and brought himself in conflict with the inflexible laws of the Medes and Persians. His firm fidelity to the true God extorted even from idolatrous lips a decree, "That in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel; for he is the living God, and steadfast forever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end." I would that all our statesmen were praying men, and that they put their trust in the living God.

# DRAG-NET.

## A SKETCH FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

WHY is a Sunday-school like a drag-net? Do you give it up, children? Because, as the net catches all sorts of fishes, so the Sabbath-school catches all kinds of children; and children are very much like fishes. Let us look at our Sunday-school drag-net, and see what kinds of fishes we sometimes catch.

There is an oyster. We have but few of them. It is a cold, unfeeling fish, covered up in its shell. Did you ever see a little boy or a little girl that could not be made to feel? You might tell them of the love of a fond mother, and of the care and anxiety of a good father, and still they are shut up as in a shell, and never appear to feel the least gratitude for all the love bestowed upon them. Then you might tell them of their wrong-doing, of failing to obey their kind parents, of the sin of doing such things, and they would listen with dry eyes and a heart that seemed not to feel at all. You may tell them of the poor, that have no homes,

no friends, no bread, no good, warm clothes; that are in want, and nigh to death; and still they would be hard and cold, and seem to say, "I have enough; I am in a good shell, and I care not for those who suffer; let them suffer." You may even tell them about Jesus and his love, and how he suffered, and wept, and bled, and died, and they will still seem cold and careless. They are oysters, and you might almost swallow them, and they would not know it.

Then here is an eel. How slippery he is! You can scarcely tell whether he is a fish or a snake. Very much like some children, is this eel. You can hardly tell whether they are good or bad. One time you will take them to be fish; then you are sure they are snakes; and they are so slippery, so hard to catch; and after they are caught, they are so difficult to hold. It is hard to get them to the Sunday-school, and still harder to keep them there. They play truant; they slip away from home, and go with bad boys; they neglect school; they slip away from the lesson and the class. Then, when you think they are caught at some trick, they will tell fibs, and deceive their parents, and thus often escape the punishment they deserve; then they will go out and tell their comrades of their smartness, and seem to rejoice over their naughtiness, and

especially if they have told some cunning lie, and thereby seemed to get out of trouble by getting deeper into sin. I hope none of you, my little readers, are eels or oysters.

But just look here! We have what is called a mud-cat. He lives at the bottom of the river. He is among fish what the turkey-buzzard is among fowls. He feeds on carrion and filth; he never comes to the top; he is a low, dirty fellow. Have you never seen boys of that kind? They loved the low, the vile, the mean; they used bad language; they were guilty of lying and tattling; they loved to hear and tell ugly things on good people. Just as the mud-cat would keep away from the clear water, from the beautiful, pebbly bottom, from where the sun would shed its light, and the glad, happy fishes were playing in the river, or dashing with the speed of an arrow through the pool, and would seek the darkest den, the filthiest mud, the lowest, meanest place; so this low, mean boy would go away from the lovely and innocent sports of childhood, to see depravity, enjoy vileness, and sink deep in the mire of sin. In cities we sometimes get some from the muddy bottom of the social stream, and if any thing can save such it will be the Sunday-school. Yes, my good children, if your

bright faces, your sweet songs, your humble prayers, your own loving, precious Saviour, do not bring these children up from the mud, and filth, and dirt, of sin, and make them beautiful and good, then they are lost, forever lost! It is worth a trial. You brave boys, you gentle girls, help, O help, to save these poor unfortunates, who were born among the lowest, and some have lived all their lives among the vilest! May Jesus help you to bring them to him!

And now we have a crawfish. See how brave he looks. He stretches out his horns, he moves like a soldier; yes, you see he will fight. But look! he is backing out; he moves backward; he is a coward; he does not go forward; he backslides. Now, I do not teach children to fight *each other*. They must fight against sin; they must be firm to the right; they must not look bold, and promise much, and then crawfish. You have seen such. They will promise to come to Sunday-school, to learn all the lessons, to join in all the songs, to hear all the talks, and to be active and good. They start well; but some fellow laughs at them, or sneers at them, or tries to scare them out of their good resolutions, and all at once they back out. They quit the Sunday-school; they are crawfish, back-

sliders, false to themselves, false to their parents, false to their God. May the good Lord have mercy on them!

Then we have here in our drag-net a little shark. See his sharp teeth, and how fierce he looks. He is the terror of the sea; he scatters, tears, and slays; he devours without stint and without remorse all that he can catch. He represents the worst boys. They live by leading others to ruin; they are the destroyers of Sabbath-schools; they try to devour all that is good in children or lovely in youth; they are the terror of the neighborhood: a mother had rather see her children die than give them to the tender mercies of one of these sharks; they will lead them to the lowest places, and have them revel with the vilest; they will teach them to curse, and swear, and fight, and lie, and steal; they ruin virtue, and blast happiness; they are sent by the devil to do his worst work. I am thankful there are not many sharks in any of our Sabbath-schools.

But we have many beautiful fishes in this, our drag-net. They come as though our Father had sent them, as he does vast numbers of fishes in the great school across the ocean. They are gathered in by the thousands to bless the poor, and comfort the rich. Thus do our precious children come, so

glad and happy to do the will of God. It is said by fishermen that millions of these fish will start, and take a straight course, and never turn out of it until they reach the shores to which God sent them. So to-day millions of pupils are going to Sunday-school, and then together in these schools they are going to the shores above. Soon they will reach the shore on which no cloud rests, where the sun ever shines, and God ever reigns. Go on, my brave boys; go on, straight on, my gentle girls, until heaven is gained, and you meet with all the good Sunday-school scholars in the home above.

## NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

WHEN Joseph and Mary arrived at Bethlehem, where Christ was to be born, they found the inn crowded; there was no room for Joseph, or Mary, or the infant Jesus, in the hotel; it was full. In it were farmers, and shepherds, and merchants, and scribes, and Pharisees, Jews and Romans, but no room for Jesus. There never has been room in this world for Jesus. We have room for kings and queens, for generals and statesmen, for the rich and the poor, but no room for Jesus. We find that the old Greeks and Romans had room for Jupiter, and Mars, and Venus, but none for Jesus; they could worship thieves, and robbers, and murderers, but could not worship the innocent Christ. In a great temple, or church, which they called the Pantheon, they had room for thirty thousand gods and goddesses, but Jesus was not there. They had a god in every grove and a god in every wave, a god in every field and a god in every house; and their mountains, and gardens, and woods, and fields, were so full of gods that

they had no room for Jesus, the only true God. The Jews have no room yet for Jesus. You go to their temple; it is large, and costly, and beautiful; but beautiful as it is, there is no room in it for the Saviour. Go to the churches where millions of the followers of Mohammed worship, and in none of them is there room for the Babe of Bethlehem. In China they have room for idols, which can neither hear, nor see, nor speak, but none for Him who spake as never man spake. It is the same in Japan. It is, if possible, worse in Africa, where they worship snakes and stones, but not Him who has placed his mighty foot upon the head of the old serpent, the devil. There never has been in this wide world room for Him that made it, and then redeemed it. Again I ask you, Why is this? and again I answer, The world is too full of other things. It is full of war, and great battles, and great generals, and often shuts out Christ. The world has room for riches and honors, for vice and folly, for shame and guilt, for robbers and murderers, but no room for the poor, suffering Son of God. The Jews were asked by Pilate, "Will you have Jesus, or will you have Barabbas the robber?" The Jews answered, "Give us Barabbas, and crucify Jesus, crucify him." So the world has been asked a thousand

times, Will you have Christ, or the devil, the worst of robbers?" and the world has answered, "Give us the devil; crucify Christ, crucify him."

Now, my children, is there room in your hearts for Jesus? Are your hearts full of other inmates? If you have pride in your hearts, there is no room for Christ; he cannot stay in a heart that is full of pride. If you think you are some great one, that you are better than other people, then you are like the Pharisee that rejected Christ. A proud child turns Jesus out in the stable. Some children are proud because they have fine clothes. O it is a pity to turn Jesus out for a few feathers, and ribbons, and the like! Some are proud of their good looks. They see their faces as they gaze in the mirror. They say, "I have such pretty eyes, such a beautiful mouth, such lovely hair, and such a bright complexion; O I am so pretty!" Whenever they talk that way, there is no room for the humble Nazarene in their hearts. Children, you must not be proud. You have nothing to be proud of. Your beauty will soon fade; your eyes will soon be dim; your cheeks will soon be pale, and wrinkled, and sunken; your teeth will soon decay; your form will soon be bent and trembling. Do not let foolish pride keep out the Saviour.

Anger keeps Jesus out of the heart. An angry boy, with a curl on his lips, and scorn in his looks, with fire flashing from his eye, and a frown on his brow, is sure to turn Jesus out of his heart. A boy that fights, and a girl that frets, and pouts, and scolds, cannot make room for Jesus. He fills the heart with love. He smooths the brow, makes the eye beam with tenderness, and the lips utter soft, sweet words. But anger is no companion for Jesus. Anger is violent, Jesus is loving. Anger is cruel, Jesus is merciful. Anger quarrels and fights, Jesus makes peace. Anger calls for curses, Jesus sends blessings. They cannot live in the same heart. I was going along the streets the other day, and I heard a boy cursing with the fury of a demon. He was pursuing another boy, and threatening to kill him. My blood almost ran cold as I unwillingly listened to the horrid curses of a raging boy. A tiger is not more blood-thirsty than was this cruel boy. He was as wicked as Cain, who in a fit of anger slew his good brother, Abel. Rash and vindictive, he would have killed the boy he was pursuing if he had been able to do so. A deep sadness came over me as I went on my way to the house of God.

Here is another heart full of falsehood, and, of

course, there is no room for Jesus. A heart that is deceitful is like a whited sepulcher. It may look well without, but within all is full of rottenness and dead men's bones. It is like a wolf in sheep's clothing. It is like a gilded cage full of unclean birds. Now Jesus cannot live in a filthy house—in a heart full of meanness and deceit, full of lying and deception. Deception is base; Christ is noble. It is like a serpent; he is like a lamb. It is covered with mire and dirt; he is clothed in robes of spotless white. Deception is like a bird of evil omen; he is gentle as the cooing dove. They are as unlike as light and darkness, as God and Satan, as heaven and hell. How can two live together, or walk together, except they be agreed? Jesus is the truth, and cannot abide in the same heart with any form of deception. Many a child keeps Jesus out of his heart by practicing arts to deceive. You may deceive man; you may play such pranks upon your parents or teachers as to deceive them, but you can never deceive God. His eye is on you. He knows your thoughts. He understands your tricks. He never was mistaken. The devil himself cannot deceive him. His Son, who is the way, the truth, and the life, now says, "Turn out all my enemies, all pride, all anger, all deception, all that

opposes God; turn all out, and let the Heavenly Stranger in. Whoever turns Christ out is ruined. The Jews turned him out, and their proud city fell. Rome turned him out, and desolation came. France turned him out, and darkness settled down on her hills and valleys, while the streets of her great city ran with blood. Tom Paine turned him out, and died like a maniac, crying, "O Christ—if there be a Christ—have mercy on my soul!" The noble Altamont turned him out, and died, begging for just one hour in which to repent. So has the curse of God rested upon men and nations that would make no room for Jesus. I beseech you, children,

> Admit him ere his anger burn,
> His feet departed ne'er return;
> Admit him, or the hour's at hand
> You 'll at his door rejected stand.

Now, I ask you, is it not a shame to turn Jesus out-of-doors? Just look around you, and see where there is room for him in this wide world.

In the saloon there is room for the bottle and the goblet, there is room for the whisky and the gin, but no room for Jesus. There is room for the drunken revel, and the midnight debauch, and the profane oath, but none for the Prince of Peace.

In the gambling-hell there is room for the cards and the dice, for fraud and robbery, for the ribald jest and wicked oath, for ruin here and hereafter, but no room for Him who came the world to save.

In the places of traffic and trade there is room for gold and silver, for bonds and stocks, for trickery and deception, but alas! alas! there is no room for the great Sealord and the great Landlord of the universe. In dens of infamy there is room for sin and iniquity, for mirth and laughter, for wicked passions and ugly words, but no room for the Friend of publicans and sinners.

In the theater there is room for Macbeth and Othello, for the tragedy and the comedy, for the dance and the farce, for strains of music such as influence the passions and seduce from good, but no room for Him at whose birth the angelic hosts sent forth the sweetest song that heaven ever inspired, or earth ever heard. In some of our churches, I fear, we have room for fine dresses and splendid equipage, for fine choirs and grand organs, for fine preachers and great sermons, for sublime ceremonies and all kinds of magnificent display, but no room for Jesus.

If, then, you children turn Jesus out of your

hearts and out of the Sabbath-school, where is he to go? If at last he leaves the world, dark will be its doom. Woe will be the day when no Sun of righteousness shall shed its light, nor pour its warming beams, upon the home of man. By his love for children, by his words of merciful invitation, by his tears of compassion, by the blood he shed, and by his awful death, I beg you make room for Jesus; make room for him if it costs you every thing; make room for him if you have no other friend. He will be a friend, sticking closer than a brother. He will make the heart glad. He will pour upon the soul a tide of joy whose flow shall be perpetual and pure. Open the door, and let him in. With him to aid, you can fight and conquer. With him, you shall enter at last into the house of many mansions, where there is room for Jesus and all his followers.

## *RELIGION FOR THE YOUNG.*

IT is said by Solomon, after he had tried every pursuit, and found all to be vanity, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." He uses the word Remember in a broad sense. It means all that is implied in being religious. Some children think religion is designed only for grown-up people; others, that it suits old people, and no one else. But Solomon thought religion was suited to the young. I think so too. Nearly all of God's promises are to the young. In youth the heart is tender; it is easily touched; but in age it grows hard, and the wicked old man can truly say:

> The rocks can rend, the mountains shake,
> Of feeling all things show some sign
> But this unfeeling heart of mine.

In early life the habits are not like chains, to bind one to sin and death. They are not like cable-ropes, which a giant could not break. They are then like cobwebs, which an infant can easily brush away. In early life the faculty of being

religious, or rather the power to be religious, is not destroyed. Now you know, children, that if you were not to use your hand for a year, you would not be able to use it at all. If you were to stay in the dark, or cover up your eyes so that you could not see for a long time, you would lose your power of seeing. If any of our little boys or girls were to stop using their tongues for a long time, they would get so they could not talk at all. Now every child is blest with a power to be religious, to repent, to believe, to love. He can learn to use that power just as he can learn to walk, to use his hands, or eyes, or tongue; but if he refuses to use it until he becomes old, he may get so after awhile that he cannot use it at all—it will wither away like a hand that has not been used for years. So, then, it is just as needful to learn to be religious as to learn to talk, or to walk, or to do any thing that is right and proper to be done.

A few years ago, in the State of Alabama, there was a camp-meeting, at which there were many preachers. Among the number was the Rev. A. E. He was a man of God. He was richly gifted with the highest qualities of mind. He was appointed to preach at a certain hour; and he did preach, not coldly, but with great warmth and zeal. He

appealed to sinners to turn to God and live. He presented Christ as their only hope. He stood behind the cross, and showed it all stained with blood. He pointed to the last judgment, and called upon the vast congregation, "Prepare to meet your God." He called them to repentance with all the zeal of an apostle. But no one came. He sat down, while the most solemn awe rested upon the congregation. Just at this time an old man from a distant part of the large congregation was seen approaching the altar. His hair was white, and hung uncombed and disordered down over his neck; his face was withered with age; his jaws were hollow and sunken; his steps were feeble and slow; his form, once erect and tall, was now low and bent, and he leaned upon a staff. Trembling from head to foot, he turned to the congregation, and said, "Look at me, and take warning. I cannot repent now; it is too late; I am too old, too hard, too near the grave. I am lost! there is no mercy for me. Once I could have been saved; once I could have repented; once I felt as you now feel; but now I have only one feeling—it is despair. Young people, take warning by me, and repent while you can." There was no tear in his eye, no tenderness in his heart, no faith, no hope.

He had refused when God had counseled, and now it was too late! too late! The door was shut; he could not enter now. I beg you, then, remember your Creator in the days of your youth, before the evil days come, when you shall say, I have no pleasure in them.

Some children are afraid to be religious; they think that all good children die young. In some Sabbath-school story-books, pious children are sent to early graves: these stories make an impression upon you, and you say, "Well, I will wait awhile." Children, let me assure you that early piety never killed anybody yet; it never will. Religion is not like arsenic: it is sin that is the poison; sin kills. If there had been no sin, there would have been no death.

Among the preachers in the Tennessee Conference is the Rev. J. B. M. I have known him more than forty years. He was a preacher when I was a little boy. He joined the Church when he was ten years old; at the same time he professed religion. He was the best of boys; he became the best of men. He is now more than seventy years old, and his life has been spent in the service of God. He has preached more than fifty years. Religion has not shortened his life, nor does it

shorten the life of any one. The stories that kill off all good children are false, and ought to be burned. No, boys, you must not be afraid to be religious. Old Brother J. B. M. is a sound man, and he may live many years; he has a good conscience; if he looks at the past, it is bright and beautiful; if he looks at the future, all is well. The children love him; the young preachers look up to him as wise and good; the old regard him with holy reverence. His morning-life was brightened by the light of early piety; his noon shone with the brightness of a pure life; and now his evening is calm and serene, with no cloud on his sky, and no fear of the night, for he knows there is no fear where he is going.

About forty years ago, at a camp-meeting in the South, there were many souls converted to God, and among them was a little brown-eyed girl, just seven years of age. She was very small and very beautiful. She looked so like a little angel that her father raised her up in his arms, and with a brimming heart and tearful eyes bid the congregation behold what religion could do for childhood. She clapped her little hands, and with a sweet modesty gave all the honor to Jesus. She grew up to be a beautiful woman. She remained true to her first

love. She was well educated—was polished after the similitude of a palace, as the Bible says. She is the wife of a Bishop, and the mother of a large family. When her husband was called by the Church to fill the highest office, and to sacrifice the comforts of a delightful home, and travel all over the land, she without a murmur met the responsibilities of her place. Firm, pious, true, she consecrated herself to God, and brought up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Now, in life's decline, she is still young, and would scarcely be recognized as a matron of fifty summers.

Then be assured, my beloved ones, that while religion will make you ready to die, it will not shorten your life one moment.

Remember your Creator. He is good. He has given you good parents and sweet homes. He has blest you with health, and peace, and friends. He gives you food and clothing. But for him there would be no rain, no sunshine; there would be no flowers, no fruits. He gives you all that you have. Will you not love him? More than this, he so loved the world as to give his Son, Jesus of Nazareth, to die for you. I pray you, by the love of the Father, and by the life, and sufferings, and death of his

Son, our Saviour, remember him, honor him, live for him, die for him, and then he will be certain to remember you. He will remember you even if your father and your mother should forget you. He will remember you even down to old age. He will remember you even in the hour of death. He will not forget you in the morning of the resurrection.

# THE BIBLE.

## ITS CLAIMS UPON OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE Bible comes to you, first of all, as a book of taste, abounding in beauty that is faultless, and in sublimity that is unequaled. Its poetry rises to the grandeur of the epic, the majesty of the tragic, and the splendor of the lyric. It charms by its vivid descriptions, excites by its deep-toned pathos, elevates by its ennobling sentiments, soothes by its tenderness, and melts by its wondrous love. Sweeter than Virgil, sublimer than Homer, more vivid than Sophocles, more powerful than Æschylus, the poetry of the Bible embodies all that is bold in conception, fascinating in sacred fiction, artless in truth, glowing in imagination, and vehement in passion. It is the bright sun from which Milton and Shakespeare borrow their divine effulgence. Its visions of beauty have inspired the genius of our greatest painters, guided the chisel of our most gifted sculptors, and awakened the harps of our best composers. But for it the richest gems of poetry would never have sparkled in the sunlight

of heaven, the pencils of West and Raphael had lain idle forever, and the melodies of Mozart and Beethoven had been as silent as the grave. The literature of the Bible is not only beautiful in itself, but it is as prolific of beauty as its own Carmel and Sharon. It not only sends out the most beautiful and effulgent light that ever beamed from sun or star, but has sent those rays in dazzling splendor from a thousand orbs which shed their glories upon the world of mind.

This grand old book abounds not only in poetry and song, but claims the admiration of our young people because of its exhibiting the finest specimens of eloquence. The simple and earnest appeals of Moses, the touching plea of Judah, the direct and effectual rebuke of Nathan, the severe irony of Solomon, the magnificent figures of Ezekiel, Isaiah, and Habakkuk, the powerful descriptions of Job, the fiery passions of Peter, the sublime visions of John, the lucid logic of Paul, the wonderful parables, and bold and blighting reproofs of the great Teacher, present to us exhibitions of oratory at once the most varied, grand, and profound.

The Bible is emphatically the great reservoir of history and biography, of parable and fable, of

essay and epistle, of poetry and eloquence, and by its beauties in them all appeals to the taste of all cultivated young people. The varied presentations which are given in its pictured pages of God and angels, of the universe and man, of heaven and hell, are like so many dissolving scenes in a panorama. Its various groupings of facts, characters, and incidents, remind one of the countless images formed by the revolutions of the kaleidoscope. A consideration rising above all that is refined and elegant in taste, and which appeals still more strongly, is that the Bible is the book of God. It is the bright candle of the Lord, the lamp of eternity; it shines with a brightness before which all other lights grow pale. It is a voice from the lips of eternal truth, and its echoes, like the peals of an organ, proclaim the glory of God, and the duty and destiny of man. Its truth is above all cavil, and beyond all controversy, and has been established by every sort of testimony which could be accepted by reason and embraced by faith. As the book of truth—grand, majestic, eternal truth—it presses its claims upon you with an eloquence which no mortal can equal, no angel can surpass. Listen to these mute and eloquent appeals as they come from pages written by the pen of inspiration,

and glowing with the highest evidences of the divinity of their origin.

It is emphatically the book of life; it is vital in every part; it breathes life on every page, and quickens to action the livid corpse of our humanity. It illumines what is dark, corrects what is false, elevates what is low, ennobles what is mean, and eradicates what is corrupt. It imparts courage to the timid, strength to the feeble, firmness to the wavering, hope to the sorrowing; enables all who accept its truths, and imbibe its sacred principles, to meet the stern demands of conscience, and obey the uncompromising law of duty. It enters the social circle, and closes the lips of falsehood, and hushes the tongue of slander. It promotes domestic peace, unites the members of the household, sanctifies the marriage relation, and perfects the bliss of wedded love. It gives mildness to the constitution, purity to the government, and justice to the laws. It evokes those sympathies which seek satisfaction alone in doing good. It has imparted strength and courage to the character of man, and purity and dignity to that of woman. It builds its asylums for the blind and the deaf, for the widow and the orphan, and its houses of reformation for the vicious. It enters the camp, and spreads its

influence over the tented field. It builds the hospital for the disabled soldier, and stretches out its hands of benevolence to the homeless and the sorrowing. It seeks to hush the roar of cannon, and to arrest the march of contending armies, by giving universal peace to man. It has imparted to America all she has of glory, while all she has of shame arises from a neglect of this grand old book. It has made England the foremost nation on the earth, and recently, when a foreign princess asked her noble queen to tell her the secret of England's power, she pointed not to her standing armies, or her ships of war sailing over every sea, but sent to her a copy of the Bible, accompanied by the remark — as immortal as truth itself — "Here is the secret of England's power."

The Bible is especially the book of woman. From Eve, the mother of all living, to Mary, the mother of Jesus, woman always occupies a conspicuous place in the great drama of the world's redemption. Here she is seen with shrinking modesty, untiring energy, and gentle firmness, fulfilling her mission as daughter, sister, wife, and mother. And to you, young women of my own native South, the Bible presents singular claims. It contains treasures which no ruthless enemy can

destroy, principles which no revolutions can change, and fires which no time can waste, or waters quench. Amid universal desolation the Bible comes to reflame the torch of hope, and revive the altars of devotion; to irradiate every countenance with joy, and fill every bosom with peace. It paints the clouds of the future with roseate hues, and sustains the sorrows of the present with a strength which God alone can impart. It never shines with such luster as when it brightens the dark clouds of adversity, and spans the heavens with a bow of promise.

And now let me say to you, my dear young friends, for whom I have written all this, my hope for my country, my hope for the South, the land of my birth and the graves of my sires, around which cluster so many sad memories and so many hallowed associations, is in this great and good book, and in its influence upon our brave men and pure women. I beseech you, neglect it not. Give up any other book before you surrender this; love it as one of the richest boons God ever gave; claim its sweet and precious promises; rise to its high standard of Christian character; practice its holy precepts; worship its Divine Author; enjoy its sacred consolations; claim its God as your God, and may its heaven be your reward!

# DECISION OF CHARACTER.

IN discussing decision of character, I feel I am discharging a duty which I owe to American youth, to my country, and to my God.

I do not mean by decision of character, foolish and presumptuous self-confidence, but a reasonable and firm self-reliance. Weigh a subject well, and do not rush hastily to a conclusion. Examine carefully both sides of every question. Then, after weighing all the arguments calmly and deliberately, form your own conclusions, and decide upon your own conduct. You must depend upon your own judgment, or your purposes will be changed as often as you meet with one who differs in opinion.

Cultivate, in the next place, moral courage. I do not mean by this that feeling which inspires a thirst for blood, which manifests itself in the use of deadly weapons, or which rashly seeks the death of an opponent. I do not believe in the code of honor; I despise the character of the duelist; I loathe the monster who, like Cain, is stained with his brother's blood; but I admire personal bravery.

I honor the man who in these degenerate times can go forward in the discharge of duty—who can go wherever it calls, even to the brink of the volcano, or to the very jaws of death. To meet the sneers of infidelity, or to withstand the world's dread laugh, requires the highest moral courage. Speaking of the influence which ridicule exerts, Sydney Smith says, "I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Learn from your earliest days to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason, if you live in constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for a valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however pedantic, it may appear; do it not for insolence, but seriously, grandly, as a man who has a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait until it was breathed in him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you know you are honestly religious; and pusillanimous, if you feel you are pure." Never in the history of our country has

there been more need of high moral courage than there has been at this time. Infidelity is bold and defiant, and crime startles us by its fierceness and its brazen effrontery. It is found in every party, and stains the garments of every sect; it pollutes the domestic circle, and severs the holiest ties; it is as regardless of human obligation as it is of a lofty public sentiment; it enters into Congress-halls, and degrades the temples of justice; it violates public faith, and disregards private confidence. Person, property, reputation, character, and life itself, are alike disregarded. We need courageous men and brave women to set their faces as flint against the prevalence of crime. The moral atmosphere needs purification. We need some great moral chemist to apply such disinfectants as shall destroy the deadly germs which are constantly breeding a moral plague worse than the poison of asps or the fearful yellow fever. Courage is needed to meet every form of vice with a nerve that never flinches, and a firmness that never yields. Fortitude is equally needed in the cultivation of decision of character. To you, my dear young friends, the present and the future are full of joy and hope. The sea on which you are about to launch sparkles brightly beneath a cloudless sky,

and is calm and peaceful. But clouds will come, storms will rise, dangers will assail, and adversity will place you beneath a pressure unsupportable. Unappreciated by the community in which you live, you may be left, as thousands have been, to pine in penury, unhonored and uncared for. Providence may seem to frown, and your best efforts may be fruitless. Afflictions must come to all in this world of ours, and fortitude is needed to bear them. Sustained by this principle, the sorrows of life, the opposition of enemies, and the hypocrisy of pretended friends, will all be borne without a murmur, and with an assurance of hope which keeps the spirits calm, and the character firm.

During these discussions, I have often urged upon you to love the truth. I again present its divine claims. A liar is a coward, and no coward can have decision of character. But let the truth be deeply imbedded in the heart; let it rule in the conscience, and glow upon the lips; let it give direction to every thought, flow along the current of every feeling, and the everlasting hills would bow, and the granite mountains totter to their fall, sooner than you. A true man never falls. A true woman rises above the petty ills and storms of life, and moves upon the brightest plane of human

action. In cultivating decision of character, it is well to reflect upon some great historical personage, and endeavor to reach the highest standard. It seems to me that one can scarcely fail to feel the importance of decision, when he contemplates such a character as the Apostle Paul. It is his unfaltering decision which shines out at all times and on all occasions; it gives him command of men, and control over circumstances; it takes away the dread of the storm, and the gloom of the prison; it imparts presence of mind in the midst of dangers, and gives him serenity in the presence of death. It was decision of character which gave to the Christian martyrs a triumph such as no conqueror ever won; it made Luther a reformer, and made John Wesley the founder of the greatest Protestant denomination in Christendom; it made Washington the Father of his Country, and gave to Andrew Jackson his heroic character. Decision made Newton an astronomer, and Hugh Miller a geologist; it made Arnold the great teacher, and Sir William Hamilton the great scholar. And I dare say that no man without decision ever left a great impress upon society. Let me urge, in conclusion, that you do not cultivate decision at the expense of the milder affections. Be gentle as you are firm,

and affectionate as you are decided. Be kind to the loved ones at home. Listen to the words of the celebrated Dr. Nott, which he uttered to a class of young men: "Spirits of my sainted parents, could I recall the hours when it was in my power to honor you, how different should be my conduct! Ah! were not the dead unmindful of the reverence the living pay them, I would disturb the silence of your tombs with mighty orisons, and bedew the urn which contains your ashes with perpetual tears." Let, then, filial love unite with your decision, amiability blend with pureness, and gushing tenderness with invincible determination. To all this, I beseech you, add the influence of our holy religion. Be Christians, decided and true; make Christ your highest and best example; go forward in his great might. Write Excelsior on your banners, and rest never until the world shall feel your saving influence.

# *REDEMPTION MADE PLAIN.*

## *A SERMON FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.*

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi. 31.

I AM going to preach to you this morning. You must pay attention. If you will listen closely, and not be thinking of something at home, you will be sure to understand me. I think I can preach to you on the great theme of your salvation, and be so simple that even the smallest child will be able to understand this sermon. I want to show you what Christ is to you, and then I want to show you what you must be to Christ in order to be saved. Christ is your Saviour. Let me make this plain to you.

Once, in a certain school, the law was that if a scholar disobeyed the master, he was to stand in the corner of the school-room for half an hour. His face was to be to the wall, and he was not to speak a word for the whole time. A boy disobeyed. He was a weakly, sickly lad, and was hardly able to stand still so long a time. But the law must be obeyed

in the school. There was a strong, healthy boy, who was as generous as he was strong. He looked upon the poor, pale boy, who had done wrong, and he pitied him. He said, "Master, I will stand for John. Let me go to the corner, and put my face to the wall. I will be glad to do it." But the master said, "You did not disobey me; it was John." "I know that, but please let me stand in John's place." Then all the scholars spoke up, and said, "Let Henry take the place of John; he is able, he is willing: we will not charge you with injustice. Let the strong boy stand for the weak one." So the master said, "Well, Henry, go in the corner, and put your face to the wall, and stand until I tell you to sit down." So Henry went and stood in the corner until the master said, "It is enough; sit down, Henry." Now the master said, "John, go stand in the corner." "No, no," said the school, "Henry has saved him from that: it will not be right for John to stand, for you agreed to let Henry take his place." So the master consented to it, and then he said, "My dear children, Henry has done a noble act. He must love John very much. He stood in the corner in his stead before the whole school. Let me tell you that in that conduct he has been like—whom has

he been like? Tell me." "He has been like Jesus. *He* stood in the corner for us all." "That is it," said the master. "When Jesus died on the cross for sinners, he took our place; he stood for us."

Suppose it had been still worse than that. Suppose the law had been for John to receive a severe whipping for his disobedience, and suppose Henry had come forward, and said, "Master, I will take that whipping; I can bear the blows; you may strike so as to draw blood; I will bear it"—and the master had given him the stripes, and had actually drawn out his blood by his heavy blows—do you not see that Henry would have been John's saviour, because he took his place, and bore his punishment? Now just so Jesus took our place, and suffered for us. The apostle says, "He tasted death for every man." May be I can explain this. When the Apostle Paul used that language, it had been the custom to put criminals to death by making them drink poison. You may have heard of the great and good Socrates. He was made to drink a cup of hemlock, a deadly poison; hence he was said to taste of death, and all who were put to death in this manner were said to taste death. If there were many criminals, they were all placed in a long row. The worst man was placed at the

head, and made to drink first. Then the cup was passed along down, until all had taken a cup of poison. Now, in this language of the Apostle Paul, all men are represented as sinners deserving death. The sentence has been pronounced; they are made to stand in one long row; the executioner comes with a great cup of poison, of death. Christ stands at the head of the row, first in the list, as though he were the chief of sinners. The executioner hands him the cup, and says, "Drink." He drinks; he drains the cup; he drinks every drop; he tastes death for all the rest. The cup does not pass down, for it is empty. Jesus in the garden, Jesus on the cross, tasted death for us all. Then he is our Saviour: we need not suffer forever; we need not die eternally; it is easy for us to be saved. The text says, "Believe, and thou shalt be saved." It means, as Jesus is your Saviour, you must trust him, lean on him, and he will save you. Now I want to make you understand what you must be to Christ in order to be saved.

A little boy was passing by a dark cellar. He looked down, but he could see nothing. He heard a noise. He looked again, but all was dark. He said, "Papa, is that you?" "Yes, my son," said the well-known voice of his father, "come down

here." "O papa," said the boy, "I am afraid! it is so dark I cannot see you at all!" "But," said the father, "nothing shall hurt you. I can see you plainly. Just come right along; I will catch you in my arms." After another moment the boy leaped into the arms of love. He was glad, for he was with his father, and felt that he could always trust him, in the dark or in the light, in the cellar or on the house-top. Now, children, that is faith. You can believe that way in your father, why can you not believe in your Heavenly Father —in Jesus, your Saviour?

You cannot see Jesus with your natural eyes, just as that little boy could not see his father in the cellar. That boy walked by faith, and was caught in the bosom of his father. Jesus says, "Leap into my arms; throw yourself on my bosom; nothing can hurt you; I will take care of you; trust me."

Going back to our boy that stood in the corner, would it be hard for the boy in whose place he stood to trust him as his best friend? I think not. Would it not be easy to trust the boy who had gone to the master, and said, "I will take that whipping"? How could a criminal help trusting a friend that had taken his place, and suffered for him? This

is all you are asked to do: Believe in Him, and you shall be saved.

I will give you one more illustration of this whole subject. Two men were together digging a well. After digging to the depth of twenty feet, they came to a solid rock. It became necessary to use gunpowder. By boring a hole in the rock, and putting in a large amount of gunpowder, they could burst the rock all to pieces, and then could go on digging the well. This is called blasting. So they prepared for it. They pecked a deep hole in the rock. They put in a pound of gunpowder, and they set what is called a match, which would require some time to burn to the gunpowder. One of the men was very wicked, and the other was deeply pious. They were in the habit of being drawn up by a man at the top of the well who turned a windlass. At no time had they been drawn up together. They prepared a basket large enough for them both. After they had set the match, they both got into the basket, but the man at the top was too weak; he could not move the windlass. The good man saw the situation, and he determined to die for his friend. He leaped from the basket, and the other was quickly drawn to the top. By a strange providence both were saved.

Now here was a man willing to give his life for the other. Suppose that some time after that they were both at sea, and the wicked man should fall overboard, and the other, quick as thought, were to throw him a rope. Now would the drowning man hesitate? No, indeed. He lays hold of the rope, for he knows that his old friend has the other end. He can trust him. If he delays one moment, he may be lost. A fierce shark, that has been following the ship for days, is making right for him, with open mouth. He can trust his friend, but not the shark. He says, "I have hold of the rope; draw me up." The good friend pulls away, and raises the poor drowning man to the deck of the ship.

Just so are we overboard, and He that willingly suffered death for you stands on the old ship of Zion, and says, "I throw you the rope of faith. Lay hold; I will bring you safe on board. That is all you have to do." Now, as you read these lines, you must trust Him. Now the old ship waits. The Captain says, "Lay hold!" Every sailor on board says, "Lay hold!" She has landed many thousand; she will land as many more. You will be saved—saved here, saved hereafter—if you will put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. No one ever trusted him in vain.

In olden times there was a great King, who ruled over many lands. He was powerful. Among his possessions was a beautiful island. It was rich in every thing, pleasant to look upon. Its flowers were the sweetest and the most beautiful; they were of every color, and they scented the air with their sweetness. The fruits were hanging in clusters on trees and vines. The birds wore the brightest plumage, and caroled the sweetest songs. The air was soft and balmy as perpetual spring; the fierce heat of summer was never felt; the frosts of winter never blasted fruit or flower. The sun shone bright and warm, and gave to every thing a gay appearance. No storm ever swept over the island; no earthquake ever frightened bird or beast. Death itself was unknown. No place in all the vast dominions of the great King was more beautiful than this delightful island. The sea that flowed around was never lashed by tempests; its waters were as calm, and its chimes as sweet, as the sea that John saw spread out in beauty around the eternal throne. The bright sky, the pure air, the gay birds, the lovely flowers, the luscious fruits, the clear, sparkling waters, would have made it a fit dwelling for angels. There was every thing to make one happy, and nothing to bring misery. But no human being

had ever looked upon that lovely scene. No one had ever inhaled those sweets, or walked amid those rosy bowers. The King determined to give the whole island to a happy pair, that they and their children might enjoy it forever. To one man and one woman, as husband and wife, he said, "This is yours. Keep it, and be happy." The man seemed worthy of such a gift. He was noble in his appearance; his form was without a fault. Tall, erect, and graceful, he moved like a king along these beautiful walks, and amid these groves, that echoed with the songs of birds, and waved their green foliage in the summer sunshine. His wife was still more beautiful. You have read of sylphs, and houries, and fairies, but she was more beautiful than they all. Upon such a face none of you ever looked. The sweet babe, that looks up from its mother's arms, and fills you with delight by its beauty and innocence, is not so sweet in its innocent beauty as was this woman. Love, gentleness, grace, and intelligence, all played upon her beautiful face like smiles upon the face of childhood. A poet, speaking of her, said, "There was grace in all her steps, heaven in her eye, and in every gesture dignity and love." She loved her husband with a true devotion, and he loved her

with the greatest tenderness. Together they sat, and communed of the beauty of their island and the goodness of their King. They never grew tired of these joyous scenes. They could roam anywhere without fear. Often their King would visit them, and add to their happiness by words of love and still greater wisdom than they had reached. They loved him, and would get up close to him, and would vie with each other in tender embraces of him who had conferred so much happiness upon them. During these conversations the King would caution them not to eat of the fruit of a certain tree: it was poisonous, and would be sure to kill them. He took them, and showed them the tree, and pointed out how terrible it would be for them to touch its deadly fruits. "It will kill you, my children," said the King; "it will kill you." So they kept away from the tree.

Strange to say, that King, so good to all, had an enemy. He was a cruel, bad person, that desired to do the King and all good people mischief. He hated every one that was happy. He despised the happy couple to whom the King had given the favorite spot of earth. He determined upon their ruin. One day he found the woman alone. He said to her, "Can you eat of the fruit of any tree

on the island?" "Of all but one," said the woman. "Why not eat of that?" "The King said we must not." "But I say you must; it will do you good; it is not poisonous. Your King lied; he is afraid you will become as great as he is. Eat it. You will be wise, you will be great, if you just eat that fruit." The bad fellow then pulled down a limb, and plucked an apple from the poisonous tree. He handed it to the woman, and she ate it. He left her, and she carried some of the same fruit to her husband, and he too ate of it. Soon they heard the King coming, but they did not wish to see him. They hid in the thick groves, and when he called them, they did not answer at first, they felt so guilty; but after awhile the man answered, "Here we are." But O how changed! Shame covered their faces; guilt filled them with confusion. Poison was in the fruit: it changed the whole island; it was no longer lovely. The flowers withered; the fruit became bitter; the air was dark; the beasts changed, and became savage and dangerous; the whole heavens put on a garb of mourning. The King was angry, and yet he loved them. He had a Son, a dear Son, an only Son, and the Son said, "Father, I will save that sinful pair, and I will bless their children; I will suffer

what they deserve to suffer for this disobedience; I will conduct them away from this island, which they have ruined; I will lead them to a still better place, where this great enemy of yours can never come." "Go, then, my Son, and do this. You are indeed the brightness of my glory, and my very image. Go on this noble mission." "I will go if it costs me my life." "It will cost you your life," said the Father, "for justice demands that, and justice must be satisfied." The Son went on this great mission, and saved a fallen race by one great act of love.

Now, children, I have told you this story to show you God's love for you. The happy island was the garden of Eden; the King was our Heavenly Father; the happy pair were Adam and Eve; the great enemy was the devil; the King's Son was Jesus Christ, who came to save us, and lead us all to heaven. We did not know the way, and he taught it to us. He gave us the Bible, and that is our guide-book to direct us. We were weak; we were on the ground, and could not rise. He gives us his Holy Spirit, to raise us up, and give us strength for the way. He took our place, and bore our sins. He is the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He is pure, and gentle, and good.

He loves you more than I can tell. He died on the cross for children—for *all* children.

If any king had done as our Heavenly Father has done, and his Son our Saviour has done, would not any people be bad and very sinful who would fail to love that king? or to kiss that son, lest he should be angry? Now, I beg you, love the King; honor the Saviour; work for Jesus; look on the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. He will take you to a place brighter than ever Eden was: angels will sing sweeter songs than were caroled by the birds of paradise; angels of light, floating in bliss, will invite you all to sail on active wings, and rejoice as you look up to Him who hath done all things well. Children, you have lost Eden, but you can gain heaven. Christ's promises are sure; claim them, and be happy.

# THE PRODIGAL SON.

## THE WARNING.

THE parable of the prodigal son is almost inimitable. It touches us by its simplicity and naturalness. It is at once a warning and an invitation. The career of the prodigal is painted as by the hand of an artist. The various consequences of a reckless life are presented with all the vividness of truth. The readiness of the father to forgive is as natural as it is affecting. The joy that followed the reception of the prodigal is wonderfully illustrative of the joy in heaven over a repentant sinner.

In this sketch I hope to exhibit such points in the downward career of the prodigal as may deter the young from a course of sin, and so to present his restoration to the home of his father as to induce the wanderer to return to Him who tenderly offers forgiveness, even to the most profligate and fallen.

1. The prodigal is represented as a restless son;

he is impatient of restraint; he can take care of himself, and is capable of managing his own business; he admits no longer the necessity of parental control; he, in effect, denies parental authority; he can submit to it no longer; he can, and he must, do as he pleases. Without humility, and more as a matter of right than of favor, he asks for his share of the estate; he demands his portion of the goods. Such are the first manifestations of sin. The young desire to be free; they ignore authority; they are wiser than their parents, and need no counsel. Advice is thrown away upon such. They claim it as their right to do as they please with their own. They feel little or no responsibility to God or man.

2. Then comes the irrepressible desire of present enjoyment. He wants his portion of goods, that he may enjoy them. Passion clamors for gratification, reason is silenced, and conscience is hushed; imagination paints scenes of licentious pleasure, in which he hopes to revel with exquisite delight. He must enjoy himself while young. He must go on the fast line. He must indulge every sense, and gratify every appetite. He must have his goods now, and enjoy them. Such are the natural feelings of youth, when unrestrained by Christian

principle. The warm blood courses through young veins; the glowing passions, unsubdued by divine grace; the carnal appetites, unused to control—all render this period of life peculiarly dangerous. Passion is blind, and seeks for gratification, without regard to consequences. It is supremely selfish, and ignores the claims of God and man. It is impudent, incautious, and presumptuous. It knows no God but self, and it acknowledges no law but present gratification. It says, "Give me the goods that fall to me."

3. He went into a far country. He wished to go so far that he might escape both the vigilance and rebukes of his father. He wanted to get out of sight and out of hearing. So every young man entering upon a downward career leaves his home. Its associations are no longer agreeable. Its pure atmosphere is no longer pleasant. The quiet melody of a sister's voice, the gentle words of a loving mother, and the earnest prayers of a venerable father, now fall upon his heart with the force of terrible rebukes, and he finds home a most unpleasant place to him. Then he tries to get as far as possible from religious influence. He neglects Church; he turns infidel; he laughs at religion; he attends the theater and the opera; he visits

dens of infamy; he goes to all the haunts of fashionable amusement; he enters gambling-hells; he is found at the shrine of Bacchus in the elegant drinking-saloon; he gets behind bars and bolts, and hopes that God does not see him, or he has not God in his thoughts. If he goes to Church at all, it is to hear some sensational sermon, or to listen to the discourse of sweet music. He has gone—like the prodigal in the text—into a far country, away from his father's house and native home.

4. He "wasted his substance in riotous living." Sin always wastes. It wastes time and energy, talents and substance, brain and muscle, God's blessings and man's opportunities. Sin is destructive. It produces nothing but misery, and want, and ruin. It wastes life in crime and folly, and it blasts all high hopes and all noble resolves. It paralyzes the conscience, blunts the moral sensibilities, pollutes the imagination, fires unholy passions, and wastes all the means of usefulness and happiness.

5. "He began to be in want." Waste always brings want. The hunger and rags of the prodigal will illustrate the hunger and rags of a soul that has wandered from God. This want of the soul nothing can satisfy but God himself. It is a want

which may not press heavily upon the soul amid the joyous scenes of life; it may for the moment be lost sight of amid the blandishments of wealth and power; but it is sure to be felt, and deeply felt, when pleasure has lost its zest and power its charm. When adversity comes, when sorrows flow over the soul like successive billows, when losses consume the earnings of years, when laurels fade on the brow, when music loses its charm, and wit and humor no more provoke laughter, and the soul begins to experience the inexpressible pangs of want, it writhes in anguish. It is wrung with agony. It turns in vain to the world, for the world has not stores enough to satisfy the wants of the immortal soul. It turns upon itself, and seeks in vain for satisfaction and comfort from its own great powers. No lines of thought, nor gushes of sentiment, nor creations of imagination, nor strains of poetry, nor treasures of knowledge, can enrich a soul in want—can save a soul dying of hunger. The soul of the prodigal is in want of lost opportunities of neglected privileges, of wasted talents, of perverted powers, of blighted hopes and ruined prospects. They are gone! all gone! and gone forever! No human power can restore them; no bitter, burning tears of regret can ever bring them

back. The soul is its own place. Which way it turns is hell, when forsaken of God and lost to virtue.

6. He joined himself to a citizen of that country, who put him to feed swine. Departure from God involves servility and dishonor. It is alliance with Satan; it is servility to appetite, and bondage to passion; its chains are forged for the inthrallment of an entire race; it bows to Satan, and is in league with hell. Its God is without honor, and its wages is death. It offers to feed the soul on husks, and degrades it to mingle with swine. It reduces its victim to a state of moral frenzy, and envelops the spirit in the mists of moral death. Like the *ignis-fatuus*, it leads man on and on, farther and farther, until he sinks in impenetrable darkness, and cries, Lost! lost! His wail comes up like the wail of the lost mariner as he sinks beneath the waves that have swept away the last plank, and deprived him of his last hope.

Let us turn now from the dreary picture, and behold

*THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.*

1. "He came to himself." He realized that he was lost; he felt his want; he saw his inexcusable folly. The first step in our return to God is a rational

step. There is nothing unreasonable in our holy religion. From the first sobs of repentance to the last shout of victory, all is in accordance with the highest reason. The Christian can always give a reason for the hope that is within him. Man is never fully himself till he turns to God; then reason is enthroned, then passion yields its scepter, the will breaks from its thraldom, conscience becomes God's umpire, and man rises in his freedom and in his strength to the lofty dignity of a son of God.

2. "I will arise and go to my father." The poor prodigal makes a good resolution. Amid filth and rags, amid swine and disgrace, amid the utmost degradation, and at the very verge of death, he says, "I will arise." Such must be the resolve of every wanderer that hopes to return to God. He must determine. The conflict may be severe; the trial may be great; habits may be inveterate—still he must conquer or die, he must resolve, or he must perish. Humanity affords no grander sight than is seen in the struggle for virtue, in the battle for right. Passion calls, appetite clamors, shame depresses, pride forbids, Satan tempts, the world laughs, cowardice impedes, sloth hinders, procrastination postpones; but he says, "I will; yes, God

being my helper, I will. It is the last hope of salvation—it is the last struggle for life, and I will arise and go."

3. He went. He went alone. The contrast was great between the departure and the return. He left clothed in purple and fine linen; he returned in rags. He departed with high hopes; he returned almost in despair. Trained servants, in all probability, attended his departure, and wild companions sought his entertainments; no friend, no servant, accompanies his sad return. But without encouragement, and almost without hope, he returned to his father's house. You may imagine that he met with many trials on the way. It seemed so long, and his father's house was so distant. Weary and worn, he often sunk exhausted; but the thought of home aroused him, and on he went, until at last he reached the old homestead.

4. He says, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants." Such must be the return, and such the confession, of every penitent sinner. "I am a wretch undone. Nothing in my hands I bring—simply to Thy cross I cling. I am not worthy to be a child of God. I am willing to be a servant, and feed from

the crumbs that fall from the children's table." Such confession, such penitence, is sure to be met by forgiveness, and such a return by a welcome as warm as heart could wish, faith claim, or hope expect.

5. The father gave a glorious reception to the returning prodigal. This reception is expressed with great beauty and force. The father sees his son; he recognizes him, though in rags, and pinched with poverty, and wasted with hunger, and worn by long travel. Then he has compassion. His soul yearns; his heart relents; his old love returns; his feelings gush out in great streams. He runs—yes, the old man runs—to meet his boy. Old eyes are dim, but his were quick to see his son; old limbs are stiff, but his were nimble to meet his son; old feet are slow, but his ran with the speed of youth, that he might quickly embrace his son that was lost. Then he fell on his neck, and kissed him. At this moment he forgot the profligacy, and the rags, and the ruin, of his son. All other feelings were lost in love and joy. "I have found him that was lost, and the dead is restored to life. Put on him the best robe. Put shoes on his feet, and a ring on his finger. Prepare a banquet. Call in the neighbors, and let us have rejoicing together."

Such was the reception of the prodigal, and such is sure to be the reception of the returning sinner. Our Heavenly Father meets him, and gives him the kiss of love, the embrace of warm affection. He presses every penitent to his heart, places his own great seal upon his brow, clothes him in beauty, and calls upon all the angels to rejoice with great and exceeding joy over him that was lost, and is found—over him that was dead, and is alive again.

I have said in the beginning of this discussion that this parable is both a warning and an invitation. In applying it to the great truths, I would try to warn you against the ruinous effects of sin. I would make this application of the parable especially for the benefit of young men. To the young men of my country I have been accustomed to look with mingled hope and fear. If they refuse the counsels of wisdom, and reject the authority of God, they bring ruin upon themselves and a country the grandest God ever gave a Christian people. I warn you, then, young men, by the prodigal's career, against the seductive influences of sin. Guard your associations; follow not a multitude to do evil; seek not the society of the profligate; shun as you would the serpent's breath the influence of the strange woman; go not in the way of licentious-

ness; let not lascivious pictures, obscene songs, pernicious novels, nor the winning smiles of the false and fair, lead you from the home of virtue, from the claims of domestic life, from the altar of prayer, or the Church of God. Avoid infidelity, and turn away from all that blasphemes the name of God; avoid the social glass, and never enter a drinking-saloon. Remember that drunkenness is somewhere between the first sip and death. No man expects to become a drunkard when he takes the first glass, and few are able to overcome the love of strong drink when the habit has become inveterate. I warn you against the formation of a habit which numbers its victims by the thousands and the millions. Avoid gambling. Buy no lottery-tickets. Do not indulge the idea of getting something for nothing. Never play at cards, even for amusement. Risk nothing on the throw of a die, or the turn of a wheel. Be men. Rise up to the strength of a noble manhood, and break the withes which are already prepared for your free limbs. Be strong. Resist evil. Utter with loud emphasis a firm negative to every temptation to wrong. Dare to say *No!* Seek the companionship of the wise and good. Attend the house of God. Come to Church: we will always give you a cordial welcome to the altars

of piety and the hearts of love. Come, join us in penitence and in prayer. Surrender to truth, and virtue, and God. Be Christian men. Cultivate piety. Be faithful to duty. Live for eternity. If you have wandered, return, and quickly. Stay not an hour. Time is flying; eternity is approaching; angels are waiting. God invites you; he stands ready to receive you; and I charge you, as I stand under his burning eye, heed my warning, listen to my invitation, and come to your loving Father's arms. I warn you, by the far-reaching and ruinous consequences attending a career of dissipation, of folly, and of crime, turn away from the path which as certainly leads to ruin as God is just, experience uniform, and truth immutable. I invite you, by all that is noble, and pure, and good; by the compassion of God, the interest of angels, the sufferings and death of Jesus, and the happiness of heaven, come to Christ, and agree to be saved on terms as easy as they are wise, just, and merciful.

THE END.

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